

THE MONTH

A Catholic Magazine and Review.

APRIL, 1882.

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Catholic Loyalty.

LOYALTY is defined by Dr. Johnson as a firm adherence to the Sovereign. This definition, although true, is insufficient. It does not express all that is contained in the idea of true loyalty. Two other elements are necessary to complete the notion. One of these is indicated by its very name. The firm adherence to the Crown must be based on a love of law—not of human law, else an usurper might make men loyal by passing laws exacting obedience—but of Divine law, which distinctly prescribes obedience to a lawful Sovereign as an essential part of our obedience to God. The other element necessary is an affection to the Sovereign as such, not in the first instance to the individual on account of his or her noble or amiable qualities, but to the Sovereign as the legitimate representative of Almighty God. It is true that this love may be heightened and intensified, as it is, thank God, in our own day by our admiration of the virtues of the occupant of England's throne, but this personal devotion to the individual on account of his or her individual excellence is secondary and subsidiary in the Catholic breast to the devotion to the monarch as such.

True loyalty, therefore, is not merely a firm adherence to the Sovereign; it is a loving, affectionate, enthusiastic adherence: an adherence founded on our adherence to the laws of God: an adherence proceeding primarily not from a personal love to the individual who fills the sacred office, but to the sacred office itself.

Starting with these principles, we propose to examine one or two characteristics of Catholic loyalty. It is time that we should do so. For the last three centuries the enemies of our holy religion have, with the insolence of a dominant majority, charged us with holding opinions which were supposed to impair if they did not actually subvert our loyalty to the Crown. Unable to understand our principles, and knowing nothing of the inherent loyalty which is the very essence of Catholicity,

they have talked wildly about a foreign potentate invading the rights of England's Queen, and of "divided allegiance." And by a curious Nemesis our assailants have been for the most part, not the staunch loyalist, not those who held sacred every jot and tittle of England's loyal traditions, but men in whom the destructive habit of mind is predominant: men who love to pull down rather than to build up, drifting either in themselves or in their followers in the direction of the Extreme Left, and of the principles of an aggressive democracy. Or else our opponents are those who, sheltering themselves under the name of the Prince who occupied the Stuart's vacant throne, have arrogated to themselves a loyalty which is no loyalty. For in Orange loyalty the main element is religious hatred, bigotry, and love of ill-gotten gains; and Orangemen have contributed not a little to give an evil name in the eyes of those among whom they lived to the civil principles of which they claimed to be the representatives and upholders.

In order to understand the present position of Catholics in respect of civil obedience, we must glance back over the past. There was a period in the history of mediæval Europe when the Pope was recognized as the arbiter of Christendom. Disputes were referred to him; rival claimants to power submitted to him their claims. This power of arbitration would have been a mere farce unless it carried with it certain rights even in matters civil. If two rival claimants to a throne submitted their disputes to him, he must needs have some means of enforcing his decision on those to whom it was unfavourable. Unless the Pope had some sort of deposing power, how was he to oust the usurper who had achieved a temporary success, and in the flush of victory found some excuse for withdrawing from the decree of the arbitrator? Unless the Pope could declare his Catholic subjects free from their allegiance, how could the tyrant sitting on the throne to which he had no legitimate claim, be induced to remove his foot from the neck of his people? Unless the Pope was recognized as the superior, in virtue of his spiritual authority, of those temporal princes united to the See of Rome by the Catholic faith, his dictates would have been laughed at and set at nought. Even as it was, his mediation was far less useful than it might have been, owing to the continual tendency even of those who professed themselves Catholics to refuse to listen to the voice of their common father; and he who talks of "Papal tyranny" and the "unjust exercise of arbitrary power,"

and of "meddling Pontiffs setting kings and their subjects by the ears," ignores the facts of history, and is either a conscious or unconscious perverter of truth. The declaimers against Papal usurpation trade, like all other impostors, on the ignorance of men. Their vague charges and distorted facts, their quotations from Papal documents apart from the context, and historical assertions devoid of solid foundation, are an appeal *ad ignotum*. They are safe in the absence of any solid knowledge on the part of a large majority of their hearers. Trusting to this ignorance, and by brazen declaration of their own loyalty and the disloyalty of Catholics, by representing themselves as the upholders of the rights of the English crown against Romish pretensions, they have managed to stamp upon the public mind of England the false notion that, in the struggles of mediæval times, William Rufus and John Lackland, Henry the Seventh of Germany, and even Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth in England, were but asserting their just and lawful political independence of the encroachments of a foreign potentate.

Before the Reformation there was in theory, though not always in practice, a consensus of submission to the Holy See in all spiritual matters, and in such temporal matters as were directly connected with things spiritual or came under the Pope as the arbiter between the nations of Europe. But when the disruption had taken place, and the troublous transition time was over, when Elizabeth was firmly established on the throne of England, the true Catholic instinct recognized her claims to obedience in civil matters. Of those who died for their religion, not a few openly and publicly recognized her right. Protestant though she was, and illegitimate though they regarded her as being, she was still their lawful Sovereign. The Catholics at the stake showed an heroic loyalty which would have touched a heart of stone. If any could be excused for rebellion, it would have been those who were hunted like wild beasts by the officers of the Crown; if anything could turn loyal subjects into traitors, it would be the dastardly persecution which employed the vilest of means and the most despicable of informers to harry to death and to prison those who were faithful to their religion, which robbed them of home, liberty, possessions, and life itself, and when the murderous work was done, instructed the executioner to hold up to the mob the heads of those who with their latest breath had breathed loyalty to the Queen of England, and to utter the false and cruel words: "Behold

the head of a traitor." Yet, in spite of all this, English Catholics remained true to their principles of loyalty.

For loyalty is still the same,
Whether it win or lose the game ;
True as the dial to the sun
Although it be not shone upon.¹

It is not our purpose to trace the history of their fidelity, else we might remind our readers how a Catholic commanded the English fleet which was to oppose the Armada of Spain ; how among the bravest of the cavaliers fighting for England's Protestant King, the Catholic nobility and gentry were conspicuous ; how the Catholics of the United Kingdom clung with an almost extravagant loyalty to the House of Stuart. And if for a century and more Catholic loyalty did not assert itself in public, or offer its homage to England's monarchs, it was not because of any want of goodwill or readiness on the part of Catholics. It was because the relics of persecution still lingered ; because Catholics were excluded from Parliament, from all position in the country, from the Universities, from society ; because they were forced into the retirement of their estates and the quiet of a country life by the still dominant bigotry, happy if they might only worship unmolested the God of their fathers and kneel before the altar undisturbed, because obscure and unnoticed.

The best proof of continuous Catholic loyalty is that now, when happier days have dawned, the scions of the Catholic families who have struggled on through long years of persecution, oppression, banishment, fines, imprisonment, are found as heartily loyal, as enthusiastic in their devotion to the Crown, as full of love for England's Sovereign (may we not say even more so?) than those who have been the dominant class ever since the accession of Elizabeth, than those among whom were divided Catholic estates, and who shared the spoils of Catholic demesnes, Catholic churches, and Catholic monasteries. He who would look for representative enemies of the English monarchy, would find them, not among those to whom the laws of England till lately have been a continual source of injustice and hardship, but among those whose open hatred of the authority of Rome has joined to it a secret, half expressed, disloyalty to the authority of England's Queen.

¹ Butler's *Hudibras*.

It is a matter of interest to try and discover why this is the case—why Catholic loyalty is so intensely, so perseveringly, so indestructibly loyal. A careful examination of the chief characteristics of loyalty which are mentioned at the beginning of our article, will help us to solve the difficulty.

We said that true loyalty is, as its very name indicates, based on law, and that this law must be the law of God. Now the Catholic Church, unbending in the essential principles of its moral code, inculcates, above all and before all, the duty of submission to all lawful authority. Take away the willingness to submit, and Catholicity vanishes at once. The non-Catholic may practise every possible Catholic devotion; his services may be an exact external imitation of Catholic services; his churches may be more beautiful, his music more elaborate, his decorations more tasteful and more expensive; he may have guilds, confraternities, sisterhoods, brotherhoods, convents; he may set up confessionals; he may even have a true priesthood and true bishops and true sacraments; but as long as he does not submit, as long as rebellion is in his heart, he is no more a Catholic, perhaps less a Catholic, than the frequenter of the Calvinist conventicle, than Quaker, or Wesleyan, or Congregationalist, or Presbyterian. Submission to authority is of the very essence of the Catholic Church and the foundation of all the rest.

What is Holy Church, frend, quoth ich. Charite, he seyde,
Lyf and love and leauté.²

Her very motto is those words of Holy Scripture: "It is like the sin of witchcraft to resist, and like the crime of idolatry to refuse to obey." "He that resisteth the power resisteth the ordinance of God, and they that resist purchase to themselves damnation." A disloyal Catholic is not a Catholic at all, for disloyalty and Catholicity are contradictory terms. The first requisite of those who desire to be admitted within her fold is that they should recognize the duty of loyal submission, and till they learn this lesson it is better that they should remain outside. The Catholic theologian tells us that the difference between the sinner and the saint is not to be found in more or less sins committed, or more or less acts of virtue performed, but in the habit of submission to God or rebellion against Him.

Her children are therefore trained, as none else are trained, in habits and in the temper of submission. Submission is the

² *Piers Ploughman*, p. 292.

very breath of her life. Her one aim and object is to make her children obedient children. She points to one who had been the fairest denizen of Heaven, and is now the very impersonation of all that is loathsome and hideous and degrading and repulsive, and reminds them that the change was owing simply and solely to his refusal to submit to lawful authority. She points to the dwellers in the earthly paradise, rulers of all creation, beautiful with a Divine beauty, the familiar associates of their God, sinless, immortal, free from all disease, all sadness, all trouble, full of supernatural happiness and joy; and then turning our thoughts to this present world, so full of sin and misery and death, reminds us that the joy departed and the sorrow came in simply because of one act of rebellion against authority, in itself of trifling import, in order that we might see that it was the fact of rebellion and nothing else which drove our parents from Paradise, and sent them out to endure nine hundred years of toil and misery, and to hand on to their countless posterity the fatal consequences of their disobedience. The whole organization of the Church is founded on the principle of submission, absolute unquestioning submission. Bishops to the Pope, priests to bishops, the faithful laity to priests—all *must submit*. The religious orders are all rooted and founded in submission; a refusal to obey lawful authority in some serious matter is one of the worst crimes a Catholic can commit, because he knows that in disobeying authority he is disobeying God.

It is furthermore the teaching of the Catholic Church that God spreads the ægis of His authority not over spiritual rulers alone. Heathen or Christian, persecutor or protector of the Church, the civil ruler has too his rights protected and upheld by the Catholic Church. In purely temporal matters, she calls on her children to obey the civil ruler as having his power from God, and therefore possessing an irrefragable authority from Him. She has drilled her children from their early childhood to obey commands: they have been accustomed from their infancy to listen to their mother's voice teaching them to obey. She has thus been laying down a foundation for their civil loyalty that no other system can ever imitate, because in her eyes the submission to the civil power is a part and parcel of the submission to herself, and an essential element of their loyalty to her.

It is strange in the face of this intense devotion to loyalty which underlies the whole Catholic system, to find one whose high position, commanding ability, and unquestionable honesty of purpose, combine to give weight to his words, impugning the civil obedience of Catholics who are faithful to the principles of the Church. "The Catholic Church," says Mr. Gladstone, "requires him who joins its ranks to surrender his mental and moral freedom, and to place his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another."³ This strange impeachment is a remarkable proof how only those who see the Catholic Church from within can judge aright of her teaching and influence. We say nothing of the loss of mental and moral freedom, for what Mr. Gladstone calls "freedom," Catholics call independence of the authority God has established upon earth, and it is their happiness and their pride humbly to bow the fallible and often failing judgment of the individual before the infallible and never-failing voice of him who holds to them God's place on earth. But his second charge is a more serious one. Catholics "place their loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another." It is perfectly true that the Catholic Church not only inculcates, but defines and explains civil duty, marks out its relations to spiritual duty, and furnishes the basis on which it is so firmly founded. Now loyalty must have some basis. If I love, honour, obey the Queen as Queen, I must, if my loyalty is to be secure, have some motive for doing so, quite irrespective of the virtues of the individual. Loyalty is not a first principle of human reason. I must be able to give a definite answer to the question, "Why should I be loyal if I judge it more to my happiness to be disloyal?" I suppose that Mr. Gladstone would answer that conscience is the final court of appeal, and that conscience impels to loyalty. But such a foundation of loyalty will not long support the fabric which rests upon us. There is a large and ever-increasing class of Republicans, Socialists, and Communists who have learned the lesson taught them, and assert that, in the cause of "mental and moral freedom," in obedience to the dictates of their consciences, they feel themselves bound to an active Republican propaganda. They regard the Crown as an expensive and useless luxury. They make their voices heard even in the House of Commons. They are still few, for traditions are strong in England, but they gather strength day by day, as religious belief declines,

³ *The Vatican Decrees in their bearing on Civil Allegiance*, p. 7.

and morality grows weaker and the Extreme Left numbers among its adherents those whom the champion of mental and moral freedom associates with himself as rulers of the land. It does not seem then that Mr. Gladstone can afford a very stable alternative for the authoritative guidance of the Church as the foundation of civil loyalty. It is indeed strange how those who attack the Church find by a Divine nemesis their hands palsied when they attempt to build up their own frail structures to supersede the house founded on the rock. None can furnish a solid basis for civil loyalty save that Church which not only inculcates the habit of submission, but founds it on her own authority, orders her children, in virtue of their loyalty to her, to submit to civil potentates, defining civil authority, and strengthening it, not weakening it, by the careful limit which she draws between things temporal and things spiritual, just as He Who said, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's," did not weaken but strengthened the authority of Cæsar. Surely it is safer to place our civil loyalty in the hands of one whose motto is, "Obey and submit," than of those whose motto is, "Mental and moral freedom!"

2. From the acceptance of the authority of the Church as our teacher respecting civil duty, there results another very important characteristic of Catholic loyalty. The doctrine which points to the person who holds the sacred office, as claiming our allegiance primarily by reason of the sacredness of the office, not of his individual virtues, prudence, or wisdom, makes Catholic loyalty far more stable and permanent than any which rests on a less secure basis. It has little effect on the personal loyalty of the Catholic, whether the monarch is popular or unpopular, an able or a feeble administrator, a man of unblemished excellence, or one whose private life is open to attack. He regards the King as God's vicegerent, and it is on this that his loyalty rests. He sees in the earthly ruler the representative of the Omnipotent King of Heaven. Just as he regards the Pope as Christ's Vicar, and therefore as occupying that place of dignity which the spiritual ruler must needs occupy in the order which God has appointed, so he regards the King as God's Vicar in civil matters, and with his loyalty to the Holy See his loyalty to the King is intimately connected. Take away the one and the other rests upon a foundation of sand, and in the course of time will be sure to fade and die away. The official view, which is the prominent, the almost exclusive aspect

under which the Catholic regards the Pope, causes him to take a similar view of the King. From this it follows that he will cling to the Sovereign under the most trying circumstances. When others desert their Sovereign he will not. If our modern advocate of mental and moral freedom had lived in the time of Charles the First, there is little doubt on which side he would have been found. His love of mental and moral freedom would have revolted before the injustice of the Starchamber, and the exaction of taxes which Parliament had never sanctioned. It required the strength of Catholic principle to hold the Catholic gentry faithful to the ill-judged monarch—a monarch, too, who had visited them with fines, outlawry, and imprisonment. If in the distant future some English King should alienate his subjects by conduct similar to that of one or another of the Stuarts, it is the Catholic gentry who will stand faithful to him when others have set up Protector, or Dictator, in opposition to their lawful Sovereign.

3. But the Catholic is faithful to his Monarch, not only from a sense of duty, but also from a powerful instinct of unselfish love. This is the necessary consequence of his civil loyalty being a part and parcel of that religion which is as dear to him as his very life. If the Catholic who loves God is bound to love his brother also, much more is he bound to love his Sovereign. Loyalty without love is almost like the body without the soul. Love is the very soul of loyalty. The enthusiasm of genuine affection is the source from which it springs. Now it is of the essence of Catholicism that it inculcates not only submission to authority, and respect to authority, but also love to authority. It must be a loving submission, a loving respect, not bought by money, not enforced by threats, but won over by the sweet persuasiveness of love. The Catholic Church fastens her children to her by the bands of love, and if this love fades away, they soon cease to be her children at all. Hence the civil ruler, whether Catholic or Protestant, may always reckon on that firmest bond of obedience, the love of his Catholic subjects. The cheering which a short time since greeted the Queen at Beaumont College were cheers of genuine love and affection. The hearts of those two hundred Catholic boys went out towards her, and, if we are not presumptuous in saying so, she seemed conscious of the reality of their affection. The delicate instinct of the refined English lady detected the love which made itself felt in the words of their address, in their

enthusiastic cheers, in their ringing voices when they sang "God save the Queen." Love has a subtle power, which gives life and fire to its external expression. There was an unanimity in the welcome they gave her. There was no fear of any young Republican being of their number, who would keep aloof in his anxiety not "to surrender his mental and moral freedom." They cheered and sang with one heart and with one soul because their religion bound them together with the bonds of love, and taught them to honour and love their Queen, and to join in the expression of their love, on this first occasion since the Reformation, when Catholic loyalty had received a royal visit of recognition, and Catholic boys trained under Catholic teachers had the opportunity of offering to their Queen their loyalty, "founded as it was on the firm basis of their religion," and assuring her that on Catholic loyalty she and her children might ever firmly rely. To every Catholic such a life as hers must endear her in her private as well as in her public capacity. If the boys who greeted the Queen so heartily at Beaumont were moved chiefly by their love and respect for her authority, there is no doubt that their enthusiasm was heightened by their love and respect for her as a bright example of the virtues that are nowhere held in such high honour as among the children of the Catholic Church.

For the Catholic will needs be the first to admire and appreciate the stainless purity, of an unsullied life that no tongue of calumny has ever ventured to assail : the many domestic virtues which have been a pattern to every matron in her kingdom ; the gentle kindliness and sympathy which is always ready to comfort those in distress and to show compassion to those in sorrow ; the dignity, the firmness, the high sense of duty, the simplicity, the devotion of England's Queen.

The Salvation Army.

DURING a sojourn of some months at Walton-by-the-Sea, in Westshire, my curiosity, and what is better, my interest, has been awakened by witnessing groups of persons, mostly of the artisan class, who used to cluster on the sands around some preacher, joining in his hymns, and listening to his prayers and exhortations.

The principal promenade at Walton is a wide strip of asphalt, about half-a-mile in length, with benches on the town side, from which it is separated by some waste ground not yet built upon. On the sea side it has flights of stone steps to the sands, which are from four to seven feet below the level of the walk. It was on these sands, and within earshot of The Mall, that the preachers, some three or four at a time, took up their stations at a convenient distance from one another. Some of these groups had each a banner, and the service was largely composed of hymns set to catching airs, with a well-marked rhythm. A large proportion of those present seemed to be familiar with both words and air; and although there was no part singing the general effect was pleasing. The Mall was sufficiently wide to admit of idlers crowding the seaside near the preachers, without interfering with those who came merely for air and exercise; and the groups of worshippers created no inconvenience, and were unmolested.

Curious as I was, the indulgence of my curiosity, would have exposed me to a number of inconveniences, such as standing, being in a crowd, becoming myself perhaps an object of curiosity to others, still more purposeless than myself; and as I was in no hurry to leave Walton, I kept putting off its indulgence from day to day. Summer passed, the Gospel Tent with its flaring legend, which had been pitched on the waste ground the other side of The Mall, was struck; the preachers went away, and little groups appeared no more. There was, however left, the detachment of the Salvation Army, which,

under its appointed and uniformed Captain, formed the volunteer spiritual garrison of the town. No more meetings were held on the sands, but this detachment, preceded by its banner, singing its joyous songs, to the accompaniment of a cornopean and key bugle, marched periodically through the town on its way to some one or other of the local tabernacles.

I saw my opportunity of studying these people quietly and unobserved. One Sunday, having met the detachment on its march, I walked alongside of it, to the Baptist Meeting House, whither it was bound. Since then, I have sat more than once under Captain Evans, S.A., and have had the privilege of hearing Colonel Jones, S.A., when attended by an effective staff, chiefly female, he came here on a tour of inspection or prompted by missionary zeal. But before describing what I saw or heard, it may convenience the reader to know the ideas which were in my mind, when I studied the phenomena which I shall endeavour to describe; the feelings with which I interpreted, what passed under my observation.

Men take infinite trouble, to place stumbling blocks in their own way. Some reject the idea of a Creator; a simple idea in harmony with our daily work of hand or brain, which is capable of being grasped by all men, though understood by none, and they would have us adopt the complex and inconceivable belief, that this world had at least in its primeval elements no beginning. They deny that immortality to the soul of man, which they concede to the earth he treads beneath his feet.

In like manner, the difficulties created by those who while they admit a Creator, deny the existence of any form of religion, are infinitely greater than those they seek to avoid. They must imagine a Creator, conscious of the yearning of His creatures, to be allowed the privilege of worship; yet, resolute in closing His ears to their appeal. He must have no desire to be acknowledged by the work of His hands. He leaves the creature to acknowledge Him or not, as he thinks proper; and if the creature chooses to persecute Him, with an offer of his tedious homage, reverence and love, is absolutely indifferent to the mode of its presentation. Better to disbelieve in God, than to believe in such a God as this. But amongst believers, there has been set up a difficulty, not such a one as the two I have alluded to, but still one of a nature most serious, to those who believe in the existence of a Creator, and in the existence of a known

channel for the exchange of worship and assistance. It resembles the two errors named in this, that it deliberately rejects a simple idea to adopt one that is complex. The miracle of personal guidance, is the complex idea, which Protestantism prefers, to the simpler idea of government through a man or a body of men established for the very purpose of guidance. From the very beginning, in an unbroken chain down to the coming of our Saviour, the Almighty has chosen to guide men by means of other men. Here we are to believe that the chain is suddenly snapped. Every man who searches the Scripture diligently, reverently, and with a clean heart, is to be guided Divinely in those truths which are expedient. Where is there a promise of such guidance? Is it or is it not the case, that this doctrine has led to innumerable sects, rivalries, hatreds, and bloodsheds? and all as the natural outcome of a system of governance of that God, Who had no greater command to give His people, than that they should "love one another." And if we consider the great number of men, the great variety of their minds, the influences from within and without, by their sin and in their innocence, the mental and moral uncertainties which harass them, the absolute want of necessity for separate guidance, and the obvious convenience of a central standard; this doctrine, if it be a truth, is a most extraordinary interposition of Divine power, the most marvellous of Christian teachings.

But there is another consideration, arising out of these reflections, and which brings me close up with my subject, and that is, that such a system destroys all certainty. A man who believes he himself is Divinely guided, must be strangely exercised in mind by the actions, words, and expressed thoughts of his neighbour; he cannot be sure, and he is not sure, as time rolls on, that the voice within him is a true voice.

In the worship of the Creator, the first necessity is "Certainty:" not a metaphysical but a reasonable every day certainty. The creature must know, or at least he must be permanently convinced, that what he is doing is, so far as his actions come up to his own standard, acceptable to God in principle, if they fail unfortunately in execution from human frailty. Without such certainty, no religion, no practical homage of the heart, or reasonable worship of the mind, is possible. This idea it is, which prompts the poor Salvation Army soldier, when with glistening eyes, and burning cheeks, and joyous

smile, he rises in his chapel, and says out before the men and women there assembled, "Thank God, my dear friends, I am saved." It is not that he believes that he has acquired an immunity from sin : it is not that he believes that his salvation is absolutely secure. But it is that he has succeeded in persuading himself, by his own efforts, stimulated by the contagion of example and sympathy, that he is doing that which is pleasing to the Almighty, and is sure of his reward, if he only perseveres. I recognize and grieve over the unhappy blindness of this poor man, who, building upon sand, is deluding himself with false notions, the errors of which I trust will not to be imputed to him ; and in my heart of hearts, I sympathize with him and rejoice in his joy, even though it be but transient. But I pity and sorrow more over the man who would scoff at him, for such a one has neither the power of thought in his mind, nor is there any harmony in his soul.

The Baptist Chapel which we enter is a long parallelogram, filled with convenient pews, with passages between. At the back near the entrance is a tribune, and over against it at the far end, is a kind of semi-circular stage, fronting the audience, and capable of accommodating nearly a score of people. Over the stage, is the legend—"The earth is the Lord's and the fulness thereof." And on the side walls are, "Hope," "Faith," "Charity," and other like mottoes and devices, by no means peculiar to Christian temples. The pews are convenient, and you can lean your head on the partition in front of you without moving from your seat, when you adopt the local attitude of prayer. There is no convenience for kneeling. Moderation in religion, as in all things. A kind of limited liability, even in the worship of the Almighty, seems (apart from its present possessors the Salvation Army) to be according to the genius of the place. If I was asked to find a motto for such chapels, I should put up that query which we find in the 5th and 6th verses of the cxiii. Psalm : "What aileth thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest ; and thou Jordan, that thou wast turned back ? Ye mountains, that ye skipped like rams, and ye little hills, like the lambs of the flock ?"

Captain Evans, the leader of the detachment, his wife and daughter, a girl of some 14 or 15 years of age, ascend the stage ; and with them other members, male and female, of the Salvation Army detachment. The Captain and others wear a

plain uniform ; and he and his wife have some metal device on the left breast, the soldiers having a metal "S" on their collars. Courteous attendants, men of good physique, able and willing to eject any who may misconduct themselves, shew us to our places, and maintain the general comfort. Waiting the settling of the occupants of the stage, conversation is freely exchanged, but concerns itself chiefly with the business in hand. An elderly man in front of me remarks to his neighbour, "You may disbelieve the teaching, but you must believe the work." Attendants go about, having for sale bundles of the *War Cry*, price a halfpenny, and hymn books price one penny each. The *War Cry* is the Salvation Army official gazette.

Service opens with a hymn, to a pleasant "Christy Minstrel" tune ; the words and sentiments irreproachable. Captain Evans is not in his usual form to-day for some reason or the other, and the burden of the business falls on his wife. After the hymn, she calls upon Brother Johnson for a prayer. Three of the Brothers pray aloud, one after the other. The idea of these prayers is all the same. They consist in petitions to the Almighty, issued in a loud, sometimes a defiant voice, imploring to "save this people. Thank God we are in Thy presence ; We bless Thee ; Flood our souls with salvation ; Thou hast the people who love Thee ; Bless the Captain ; Bless the Army ; Bless the congregation who have lent us this chapel." These prayers are interlarded with constant ejaculations from the congregation, chiefly from that smaller portion which constitutes the army ; of "Amens," "Hallelujahs," ejaculated in a loud voice, and louder and louder, according to the energy of him or her who prays. Of the three who pray, two face the congregation with their eyes shut, gesticulating with their arms, and the general effect is at least peculiar. The other, with a better instinct, turns his back to the audience, and looks to where, under happier circumstances, the altar would be found with the object of all worship. At the end of these prayers, the Captainess, Mrs. Evans, prays, and, as may be expected from her greater experience, (17 years serving the Lord), her prayer is more extended and more pointed, but the effect is marred by her keeping her eyes shut as she faces the congregation. "We have Thy promise ; Amen, amen, amen ; Make known Thy power this afternoon ; May they speak with profit ; Come and save them ; Come and save them ; Come and save them." If the hearing of prayer depended upon the physical energy of the

supplicant, this prayer certainly must have been heard. A second hymn is sung, and Captain Evans, a little man with a good beard, and bright full eyes, a spare figure and a tanned face which he perhaps derived from the shoemaking trade, exhorts the people: "Get your throats well greased; The Lord bless you." Mrs. Evans reads the stanzas of the hymn before each is sung, making intelligent comments as she goes along. The hymn is to be found in the fourth page of the *War Cry*, then being handed round, and the burden is, "Shout, soldiers, shout!" and Mrs. Evans advises us, "Shout if you're saved." A good deal of shouting of "Hallelujah" not unnaturally follows the appeal, and the advantages of shouting as an evidence of sincerity and zeal are pointed out. Then follows a reading by Mrs. Evans, from the sixty-fourth chapter of *Isaiah*, with her comments, and she says: "If we are willing to give this piece of clay (our bodies) to the Lord, He will make of it what He will." There is then announced the programme of meetings for the week, and the usefulness of Holiness Meetings is pointed out. "The Lord bless you." The object of next Sunday's offerings is announced, and cheerful Captain Evans calls out, "But don't forget those of to-day," a sentiment which is received with an audible chuckle. The net is then let down, that is to say, the collection boxes go round, and fully one-half, probably more, contribute. Captain Evans then, himself takes up the parable, and after announcing the proximate arrival of the General, and making several ejaculations of "God bless everybody; The Lord help us," he intones what he calls a ditty, and a merry tune it is, to sound words. He then makes a brief address, and he says: "I know I am saved; If I died now, I should be saved; It is not my deserts; I deserved Hell, but I live now, not I, but Christ in me; and now I can sing—I am saved, I am saved!" starting a hymn which has that refrain. Whilst it is being sung, he hops about, and handkerchiefs are waved by members of the congregation.

Then follow the testimonies of some of the Salvation Army soldiers and others; and from their several testimonies and exhortations I cull some sayings: "I tumbled in the fountain" (hymn follows, of which this is the refrain) "and I'm saved; Come to the Lord just as you are; My holiness is in Christ; He says if you love Me, keep My commandments; It is not enough for us to say we love Him, we must show it: Can we love Him too much? The birds of the air seem to praise Him; Praise

Him with us ; Can you serve Him in Heaven ? Begin to serve Him here ; He demands our whole heart."

After their testimonies, the Captain's daughter came to the front and entoned a hymn. There then got up an old lady, who prosed away to her heart's content for several minutes. What she said I know not, but I was struck, and I may say edified, with the patience of the congregation ; possibly she was in the higher ranks of the brethren socially. Another hymn was then struck up as the congregation streamed out.

All this is grotesque, and from many points of view sad ; but what is not grotesque, is the evident interest taken in the proceedings by all present, the joyousness and sincerity of the whole assembly. To a man of any education, the proceedings are paltry, tiresome in the extreme, and ridiculous ; but to such as see reflected in every human soul the face of God, however marred and distorted that reflection may be ; the sight of these poor people, rising in their places one after the other, confessing Christ before men, makes it impossible not to believe that they are largely justified in their hope, that He will confess at least some of them before His Father Who is in Heaven.

The proceedings of the day on which I happened to make the few notes which I have given above, were less interesting than some that I have assisted at. There were no big sinners confessing to have at one time been guilty of a taste for theatricals, of having watered their flowers on Sundays, or of what I will call the more intelligible crimes of drunkenness and love of jolly company. Nor did I hear on this occasion of such rewards of virtue as an addition to a not over-abundant wardrobe, in the shape of an overcoat or some half a dozen shirts, or of the respect amongst men which has followed close upon the heels of salvation, Drunken Harry being now Happy Henry, or indeed *Mr. Rogers*. Neither did Captain Evans lead us on this occasion with his accustomed "verve."

As the leader of a hymn it is a pleasure to see him ; he beats time with everything in his body that is movable, and the rhythm is decidedly improved when he is on the stage. As a preacher or at a prayer he fails. His exhortations are but one string of appeals for blessings, declarations of faith in the saving Blood, delivered with much volubility and passionate gesture, his arms fly about, his hair and beard shake from side to side. A serious acquaintance of mine, whose office it is to attend a large cab stand, and who owns allegiance to no par-

ticular preacher, but goes about sipping spiritual honey from chapel to chapel, says he doesn't hold with Captain Evans ; that he thinks a religious leader should be quieter like, and he prefers a preacher whom I have had the misfortune to hear, whose face, manners, and matter were all alike dreary and dispiriting. He compared Captain Evans to a tomtit. I am not sufficiently versed in natural history to say that a tomtit, as a figure, conveys anything to my mind. But I have seen something very like Captain Evans in his moments of inspiration. There is an old friend of mine in whose chequered life I at one time took considerable interest, Mr. Punch, and when that great public character is arrested in his adventurous career by the arm of the law, and remorse possesses his soul, I have seen him shake his head very much in the style of Captain Evans. My serious friend, who is earnest in his way (a temperance man, who has, he tells me, occasionally addressed meetings), is satisfied with the Captainess, but the daughter he says "is somewhat pert and too fond of amusement" (poor girl), "considering that she comes of so religious a family." This criticism arose out of a remark of mine, that it was curious that the whole family, father, mother, and daughter seemed to have a spiritual gift.

Of those I heard, I confess she was the only one that gave my power of sentiment any pleasurable sensation. I did not know at the time of her relationship with the Captain. She had led several hymns, and before the close of the performance she extended her arms in the shape of a cross, and with her fresh young voice spoke of the sufferings of the Redeemer, endured for us. In what she said, as in her manner of saying it, there was, or what comes practically to the same thing, there seemed to me to be, a certain pathos, and she seemed to feel what she said.

The Salvation Army had been at work at Walton for about twelve months. I understand that the Captain alone gets a salary, though others also wear a uniform with a metal S on the collars. These people seem sincere, and it is admitted that they have rescued many from drunkenness. To be a Salvation Army man four things are requisite. He must believe in salvation by the Blood of Christ ; he must declare that he is saved ; he must avoid fermented liquors and tobacco ; and stick to his detachment leader.

There is one thing about their mode of worship which to a

Catholic is inexpressibly painful, and that is the frightful though unintentional irreverence of which they are guilty, particularly in their use of that Holy Name, which we never hear or repeat without bowing the head.

A Master in Israel was however to come amongst us, in the shape of Colonel Jones (Salvation Army rank). And on the appointed day I made one of the congregation which met at the Assembly Rooms for a

“*HOLINESS MEETING.*”

The hall in which we sat was calculated to hold four hundred. I took my place a good fifteen minutes before the business was to commence, but did not secure as good a place as I desired ; nevertheless the hall at the back was not quite so full.

The Colonel was late, so our Captain gave out a hymn, during the singing of which the Colonel entered, and, sitting down, bent his head, and so continued for some few moments after the hymn ceased and there was silence. The platform, which is used often as a stage, is raised about three feet above the rest of the hall and at one end. On this platform, on a table, was a kind of reading desk, of which no use was made, and on either side were a few chairs in a single row. On one side of the desk and next it sat an elderly man, who subsequently gave us a prayer, and beyond him again sat Mrs. Crediton, a young, ladylike, and very prepossessing person. On the other side of the desk and next it sat Colonel Jones, and beyond him again a young woman of a very fine physique, threatening future developments, who was introduced to us later by the Colonel as “My Gipsy Girl.” These four were the principal persons on the platform. Retired right were two elderly ladies and an elderly man ; what their particular mission was did not appear. Our local Captain was also on the platform ; and close at hand, but not on it, were his most trusted warriors. The Colonel is a fine, tall, well-proportioned man of some thirty-six years, and looked well in his neat uniform, with his spotless shirt-cuffs and gold sleeve links. His female staff wore neat, becoming dresses, and the Salvation Army bonnet, which, being merely a man, I shall content myself with describing as a Quaker bonnet with a stylish cock about it, the projecting part not being of such a depth as to distress admirers of female beauty. The style of head-dress, though simple, is by no means disfiguring.

The proceedings then began by a hymn, of which the following is the first verse and chorus. Choruses are *de rigueur* in Salvation Army music :

Let us sing of His love once again,
Of the love that can never decay,
Of the Blood of the Lamb who was slain,
Till we praise Him again in that day.

Chorus—I believe Jesus saves,
And His Blood makes me whiter than snow.

Colonel Jones desired all to rise and sing it standing. After the first verse he told us to sing well out and exercise faith, and he led, marking time by his not ungraceful gestures. There was an improvement in the refrain on which we were complimented. "You are doing better," he said, "try another, try and forget yourselves and me." At the conclusion of the hymn prayer followed, first of all by the person by the table ; who or what he was I know not. It was an exhortation for all to "Look to God ; all the good this day will do will come from him." The prayer, though short, was long enough ; it was relieved throughout by constant "Amens" from the audience, and ejaculations for the salvation of sinners. The next prayer was from the "Gipsy Girl," who, kneeling down facing the audience with her eyes shut, began with a decidedly audible voice which gradually increased its volume of sound, "Bless this meeting" (cries of Amen) ; "We want this to be a holiness meeting" (Amen, amen) ; "Lord, come and do the work" (Amen, amen). The Colonel then opened fire ("blood and fire" is the Salvation Army motto, and such terms they habitually use). His prayer had substance in it, but was of a similar character to that of the others. It began with a profession of faith, "I do believe," which was repeated by many ; "manifest thyself ; help us to deal honestly with Thee ; my God, my God, help us, with the Holy Ghost, to deal honestly with ourselves."

Then followed a hymn, with of course a chorus :

When I survey the wond'rous cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
Chorus—My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Our leader read out and commented on each stanza before it was sung, alluding in his comments to the crucifixion. After

the last stanza had been sung, he cried out, "Shan't we get a step further to-night than singing? Let us sing that verse again." A verse which referred to details of suffering on the Cross.

The hymn over, he read from the thirteenth chapter, first Epistle to the Corinthians, beginning with the first verse. He commented on it, and showed the necessity of pure love. "The whole of religion is love, and the love of one's neighbour is the outcome of the love of God." Amen, amen. "Unless I have love, and work from love, my work will be profitless." He then spoke of selfishness, and of the want of purity of motive in giving, and wound up by saying, "Love will stand." Throughout there was in his manner a contained energy, and abundant, but not excessive, gesticulation.

A hymn was then sung by Mrs. Crediton, who has a sweet clear voice, and much musical taste; and the audience joined in the chorus, which they quickly picked up. It was not one of their more familiar ditties, as our Captain calls them. Colonel Jones threw in a word: "Shut your eyes, and sing that chorus, and get up to God." The singer commented on each stanza, as she went along. The hymn concluded, she addressed the meeting. She laid down the conditions of cleanness of soul, and said that "the only thing that does not fail is the Blood of Jesus. When she was first converted, she had a hard struggle. She found she could make any sacrifice but one, that was the sacrifice of her own will. At that stage, over that struggle, she remained a long time. She and Mrs. Booth" (the wife of the Salvation Army General, and a spiritual writer and leader among them) "had compared experiences, and what they felt unable to do, was to speak in public and give their testimonies. That arose out of self-love and human respect. But at last she broke her bonds, and spoke in the town where she lived, and was derided by those with whom she had danced and amused herself. Self-sacrifice was able to conquer. She could now speak freely, and pure love and peace prevails. Your offers will be holy if they touch the altar; all have something to give up that holds them back. With some it is drink, with others avarice, smoking, and so forth. The sacrifice must be complete."

Colonel Jones then recommended them to assist in the building of a training-house, for they were deemed an ignorant set, and it was desired that a remedy should be applied. An elevation of a large building hung on the wall behind was a conspicuous object,

and to it he drew attention. He would call on the "Gipsy lass" to sing a hymn, while the collection was being made, although he knew she had a cold. The young woman made some little demur, but sang one stanza, and was followed by Colonel Jones and Mrs. Crediton. Colonel Jones then rose again, and described his own conversion of six years back. He said that, at that time, "I knew just enough religion to make me miserable. When the light came upon me, I was so disgusted with professional Christians that I said, 'If there is nothing better, I will chuck it up.' I was inspired that I must give up my memory, my will, my understanding. It is God's will that a man should not only be saved but sanctified, and we have the promise to Abraham, that we should be able to serve Him without fear. There is a great deal too much *I* about you Salvationists. None of your humbugging religion;—no more dreaminess for me;—give yourselves to God, body soul and mind. Grace can't be had for nothing. Follow the light of the Holy Ghost. The confirmed Christian is all wrong; you must go on from grace to grace. You either obey the voice of the Holy Ghost and go on, or you disobey it and go back. You can't hear His voice, and stay where you are. By obedience, you will become more conformable to the likeness of Jesus Christ. Let us kneel in silent prayer. Let those who wish to be disciples, and declare their willingness to give themselves up, stand up and stay up." The address was impassioned, emphasized with copious, but as it seemed to me, unstudied gestures. It was earnestly given, and as earnestly listened to. It contained many beautiful thoughts, thoughts of high spirituality, and was marked with that English "thoroughness" to which I have called attention.

Silent prayer at Salvation Army meetings, however, has a meaning which a dictionary would not help us to understand. Those upon the stage knelt down facing the people, and our local Captain vociferated a prayer, which was interrupted plentifully by ejaculations from the Colonel and from others—"Hallelujah, Lord bless this people," and so on. The prayer being terminated, Colonel Jones said Mrs. Crediton will sing.

A curious scene ensued. The soft voice gradually filled the hall with a low plaintive melody, and like words spoke of the Saviour. Between the stanzas Colonel Jones called on those who wished to give their hearts to stand up. "Stand up, make a full surrender; glory be to Jesus, He is here; as you stand up, deal

with God ; yet another verse, more want to get up yet ; Amen, Amen ! one minute more silent prayer, to give them yet a chance." The hymn ceased and he prayed, and prayed again, the gipsy helping with sturdy Hallelujahs. "Jones" (this from the colonel) "has made an awful mess of it, but thou, O Lord, dost accept. Amen, amen. The Lord save us. I do believe. I do believe." As the melody rose and fell, and the successive stanzas ran out, slowly and by-degrees there got up, first one, then two, then another, until some thirty or so were standing; looking neither to the right nor to the left, but patient silent witnesses, to a desire to serve their Creator and secure His promises.

But what are the conditions which secure these promises ? Using that right of private judgment which is mine against all comers, except as against the Church of Christ ; those conditions seem pretty plainly announced. In His last discourse before His Passion, speaking of His daily teaching and not of the Ten Commandments, He said, "I have yet many things to say to you, but you cannot bear them now, but when the Spirit of Truth shall come He will teach you all truth," and "You have not chosen Me but I have chosen you, that you should go forth and should bear fruit, and your fruit should remain," and "He that receiveth whomsoever I send receiveth me. . . I have given them Thy word. . . As Thou hast sent Me into the world I also have sent them. . . And not for them only do I pray, but for them also who through their word shall believe in Me ;" and "You are My friends if you do the things that I command you. . . If any man love Me, he will keep My Word. . . He that loveth Me not, keepeth not my Word."¹ May it not be perhaps in vain that these poor men pray ? for is it not written in the Proverbs, "He that turneth away his ears from hearing the law, his prayer shall be an abomination?"² The pity of it is, that these people who are practising so many virtues, showing such devotion, such courage in their testimony, who seem so willing to walk in the footsteps of the Redeemer, should blindly reject His teaching, and be

¹ See also St. Matthew xxiii. 1-3. "Then Jesus spoke to the multitudes and to His disciples, saying, the Scribes and Pharisees have sitten on the chair of Moses. All things therefore whatsoever they shall say to you observe and do, but according to their works do ye not ; for they say and do not." Also numerous other passages which will occur to the instructed reader.

² Prov. xxviii. 9.

engaged miserably in the darkness, in opening out a path for themselves, to the following of which no promises are attached.

The operations of the Salvation Army are symptoms of spiritual disease, and are themselves causes of further deterioration. They are bringing about the latter by profaning holy things; familiarizing the idle and the ribald with hymns, which they use as rollicking choruses; they are giving a false security, and creating false consciences, by teaching men to see the reward of virtue in respectability and in worldly success, and by making men and women believe in and rely on their own goodness. The leader at the Holiness Meeting levelled a true, but, as coming from him, a very unjust reproach when he said, "There is a great deal too much *I* about you Salvationists." Egotism is of the very essence of the system. Each man and woman assumes to be a chosen vessel of the Holy Ghost, bound to look after the souls of others, and to lead them on by the aggressive manifestation of his or her own example. The advice of David, "Serve the Lord with fear, and rejoice unto him with trembling," has no significance in their practice. They hold themselves to have that "perfect charity, (which) casteth out fear," of which St. John speaks. The aggressiveness I have alluded to is no doubt the cause which, in some places, has led to brutal attacks on a very inoffensive people. We may well bear with equanimity an aggressiveness which is confined to occasional street music, out-of-door preaching in bye-places, and a personal abstinence from drink and bad language. Nevertheless, the good example *is meant* as a warning to others. Hence the offence.

But a study of the moral deterioration which Salvationism is bringing about is less interesting, than to trace back to the moral wants of which it is the symptom. It will not strike Catholics, but it may strike others as remarkable, that the Salvationists, taken for the most part from the ignorant and humbler classes, never get any Catholic recruits. The explanation is, that Salvationism is trying to provide for two wants from which Catholics do not suffer.

As I have before pointed out, worship must carry with it certainty. It must also carry with it happiness in worship; for without such happiness no perseverance is possible. There must, then, be an absence of monotony, because monotony stifles those emotions of the soul which give joy to worship. Monotony, so far as I understand the matter, is a characteristic of Protestant worship. Hence the importance which in that

Church is given to the sermon, an importance which breaks out not unfrequently, in leading articles in the public press.

I think it can be shown, that all dissent has been prompted by a more or less conscious desire to get rid of that monotony ; a desire to infuse more heart into worship ; a desire which is in no way checked by the inability to bring into use a more beautiful ritual, more decorous and harmonious practices, than those authorized and followed by the State Church. These various unsuccessful attempts are all evidences that human nature in the Established Church is suffering from some cause or causes, which (putting aside all questions as to the origin of that Church) seem to me to be plainly, monotony and uncertainty in worship. There is in all these divergences a sameness and a periodicity, which contrasts strongly with those gigantic disruptions which have from time to time, and at considerable intervals, shaken the Catholic Church. The want of mental certainty, and the absence of heart fervour in worship, are always in fermentation, waiting to be brought into operation by the personal guidance of men mentally and morally gifted. They make their way with some noise and success, as long as the novelty retains its freshness, and the personal guidance retains its charm, and then they die out, to be succeeded again by some other similar manifestations.

Here, then, if I am right, we have the cause and the meaning of the Salvation Army and a forecast of its future history. I have endeavoured to explain how or why these manifestations are parasitical growths, peculiar to the State religion, feeding upon it, weakening it, and yet for the most part raising no parricidal hand against it.

In Catholicity there are no such phenomena. It is not merely that the Church would with rough hand tear such parasites from it, and indignantly cast them forth, even if they were content—which they never are—to grow up under its shadow ; but the moral wants I have spoken of do not exist. There is in Catholicity certainty and fixity of dogma and variety in worship. It is not the variety of ritual, or the gorgeousness of ceremony (natural outcomes of dogma) to which I allude, but the play of the emotions which some of these dogmas foster and necessitate. For instance, the flux and reflux of good offices between Heaven, Purgatory, and earth, arising (if such doctrines be true) out of the doctrines of Purgatory and of the intercessory power of saints, and the reasonableness

of paying them homage, lead to endless combinations of heart and mind which no ritual could follow. These beliefs, however, are but cold and colourless compared with that cardinal belief of the Catholic Church, the belief in the Real Presence on her altars. With this belief, between helpless, guilty, and suffering man, conscious withal of his heirship to an immortality of glory, and his Brother, Redeemer, future Judge, and Rewarder, the spotless Man-God, there becomes possible an interchange of the emotions of the soul, possessing a sincerity, a frankness, a total abandonment, and, above all, an immediate directness, which, between human beings, however intimately their affections and interests are intertwined, would be unmeaning. Worship, under these circumstances, rises up as an endless and infinitely varying psalm.

In the Catholic Church there are no doubts. There is no monotony. That cry of the Salvation Army leader, which seemed to come from the experiences of his inmost soul, and which is going up from countless hearts to-day, "I know just enough religion to make me miserable," is impossible to a Catholic.

There is just one other point on which I should like to touch, in order to complete the mental picture with which Salvationism has impressed me. The leading part which women take in the Salvation Army business cannot fail to have struck the reader. If this kind of ministration has not already created a difficulty, it must be attributed, I think, solely to the wide difference existing between the intellectual and moral organization of the women who have undertaken to teach, and the class to which they offer their ministry. Those who have studied the character of Dinah in *Adam Bede* will understand this.

Let us now, without controversial reference to St. Paul, reason on this ministration of the Gospel by women. Men and women mutually attract each other, but, as it seems to me, in a very different way. Woman sees in man an object on which, and through which, to exercise that lovingness, that desire to help, which is of her nature. She is attracted, not so much by what is intrinsic in him as by what is extrinsic. To him, on the contrary, she is attractive for herself. Hence, for the most part, the man pursues and the woman is pursued, not indeed that the pursuit need be of fatiguing length.

If this theory be correct, it will be seen at once that the presence in the Catholic churches of a celibate clergy presents the mini-

mum, as the presence of women on the platforms of the Salvation Army meetings presents the maximum, of disturbing force. On school boards and on other public boards, there may be a rivalry between the opinions of men as such, and of women as such. In matters of religion, between men and women, there can be no rivalry, no possible difference. Hence, when a man sees on the platform a young and pretty woman, between whose mind and his no difference exists, or can be created, on the subject in which they are both interested, he cannot fail to contemplate her beauty. Let him close his eyes, her attractiveness will sink into him through the portals of those ears by which they say men, like rabbits, should always be held. It is impossible but that the fact that she is a woman should force itself on his attention in some way or other, leading him away from what she is saying, to what she is.

If in what precedes there has been any matter of interest, that interest to the Catholic reader will have been derived from the manifestation of a spiritual system with which he was probably unacquainted. To the non-Catholic, the interest, if any, will be derived from studying how these phenomena strike one bred up in the Catholic tradition. The narration is a simple transcript of notes taken at the time, during two or three Salvation Army meetings. Nothing has been added to the words, which the writer took down in his note-book. The names, of course, are fictitious.

C. RALEIGH CHICHESTER.

The Precursors of the Reformation.

CHAPTER III.

THE LOLLARDS, AND WHAT THEY TAUGHT.

IN a recent article upon the history of the Lollards, I have attempted to give an outline of certain political events in which they occupied a prominent position. These events were the natural result of the doctrines which they professed as the followers of Wyclif. From him they inherited these opinions, and they passed them on to their successors until they became the common property of the Reformation. There is no break in the pedigree of the heresy. We have seen what were the doctrines professed by Wyclif, and how they were practically understood by his scholars in his own day. Following up the inquiry we pass on to make ourselves acquainted with the Lollards of the next century. Fortunately we can do this without any great difficulty and with much precision. In order to avoid the irksome task of mastering the abstract propositions into which these heresies were formulated as well by their advocates as their opponents, I prefer to arrive at the same results by a simpler process. Let me invite the attention of the reader to the following abstract of a Register,¹ in which are recorded the Acts of a visitation of the diocese of Norwich, made by Bishop Alnwick in the years 1428, 1429, and 1430, a visitation which had become necessary by reason of the "great number both of men and women,"² who themselves had fallen into heresy and were actively employed in teaching it to others. The authenticity of the document from which I am about to quote very largely is beyond suspicion. It is the property of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, and to his Grace I am indebted for permission to use it. The opportunity of doing so at my convenience was most kindly afforded me by the Fathers

¹ A full description of this manuscript will be given in its due place.

² See Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, iii. 587, edit. 1844.

of the Oratory, in whose custody it remains at the present time. To them, and especially to Father Knox and Father Keogh, my best thanks are due, and are here most gratefully offered.

But I am not the first inquirer of modern times who has had the opportunity of using this precious manuscript for historical purposes. It passed through the hands of John Foxe, the celebrated author of *The Acts and Monuments*, who has employed it largely in his voluminous compilation. Writing in the early part of Elizabeth's reign, he quotes it to show "how this profession of Christ's religion hath been spread abroad in England of old and ancient time, not only for the space of these two hundred late years, from the time of Wyclif, but hath continually from time to time sparkled abroad, although the flames have never so perfectly burst out as they have done within these hundred years and more ; as by these histories here collected and gathered out of Registers, especially of the diocese of Norwich, shall manifestly appear. Wherein may be seen what men, and how many, both men and women, within the said diocese of Norwich, there have been who have defended the same cause of doctrine which is now received by us in the Church."³

From this passage then we learn that, according to the estimate of Foxe (and he was the typical author of the period), the persons who were delated for heresy in 1428 were identical in their faith with the members of the religion which had just been established in his own day. According to him the Norfolk Lollards were martyrs, because they suffered for the truth, and the truth for which they suffered in 1428 under Henry the Sixth, was identical with that which triumphed in 1560 under Elizabeth. An important admission truly ; and one which helps us to understand the position claimed for the new-born Establishment by one who had studied its origin, who had marked its progress, and who had contributed very largely to its success and establishment as the future religion of England.

The question which first arises for our consideration is this:—Is there any direct evidence to show how, and from whom, these men and women of Norfolk learned this heresy? Foxe answers the enquiry. They all received it of one instructor, a certain William White, a scholar of Wyclif, who resorted into the county of Norfolk, "and there instructed these men in the light of the Gospel." From the same authority⁴ we learn the history of the person who was so active in the introduction of

³ Foxe, iii. 580.

⁴ Foxe, iii. 590.

heresy into that portion of England which until his time seems to have been comparatively free from this pestilence.

William White, then, was a priest, well-learned, upright, and well-spoken. Such at least is the testimony of Foxe, who proceeds in the following strain : According to the saying of the Wise Man⁵ "he was as the morning star in the midst of a cloud," in confirmation of which we are told that he gave over his priesthood and benefice, and took unto him a godly young woman to his wife, named Joan. Continuing, however, to labour "to the glory and praise of the spouse of Christ, by reading, writing, and preaching," he fell into the hands of the Archbishop of Canterbury, by whom he was charged with having taught certain erroneous doctrines. Among others were the following. He maintained that the wicked living of the Pope is nothing but a devilish estate and the heavy yoke of Antichrist, and that therefore he is an enemy unto Christ's truth. That the Romish Church is the fig tree which the Lord Christ hath accursed, because it hath brought forth no fruit of the true belief. That such as wear cowls, or be anointed or shorn (that is, all the clergy, secular and regular), are the lance knights and soldiers of Lucifer ; and that all they, because their lamps are not burning, shall be shut out when the Lord Christ shall come.⁶ It would be difficult to believe that the man who held such heresies could have been in other respects a loyal son of the Catholic Church.

When White was examined before the Archbishop of Canterbury, not only did he admit that he had taught these opinions, "but for a certain space he stoutly and manfully witnessed the truth which he had preached." Presently, however, he had the grace to retract his errors, and the mercy which was always extended to the returning penitent was willingly vouchsafed to him. He gladly accepted the usual penance, and there is no reason to suppose that it was not performed. What it was is not recorded by the Martyrologist ; but had it been of exceptional severity we should probably have heard something more about it. His repentance, however, was of no long duration. Like the dog he returned to his vomit, "for after this, going into Norfolk with his said wife Joan, he there occupied himself busily in teaching and converting the people unto the true doctrine of Christ. At last, however, by means of the King's letters sent down for that intent and purpose, he was apprehended and taken, and brought before William, Bishop of Norwich, by whom

⁵ Ecclus. xviii.

⁶ Foxe, iii. 591.

he was convicted and condemned of thirty articles, and there was burnt in Norwich, in the month of September, A.D. 1428.

"This William White and his wife had their chief abode with one Thomas Moon, of Ludney. He was of so devout and holy a life that all the people had him in great reverence, and desired him to pray for them; insomuch that one Margaret Wright confessed that, if any saints were to be prayed to, she would rather pray to him than any other. When he was come to the stake, thinking to open his mouth to speak to the people, to exhort and confirm them in the verity, one of the Bishop's servants struck him on the mouth, thereby to force him to keep silence. And thus this good man, receiving the crown of martyrdom, ended this mortal life, to the great dolour and grief of all the good men of Norfolk; whose said wife Joan, following her husband's footsteps according to her power, teaching and sowing abroad the same doctrine, confirmed many men in God's truth; wherefore she suffered much trouble and punishment the same year at the hands of the said Bishop."

Here, then, we discover the filthy sewer whence flowed this puddle of unclean doctrine over the county of Norfolk. No agent could have been better adapted for the work than was William White. We have here a priest, who to the dishonour of his priesthood was living with a woman in a state of sin which he called matrimony, who having first taught heresy and then retracted his errors, finally returned to them and died in the profession of them. Nor was he the only agent of evil, for "about the same time also were burned Father Abraham of Colchester, and John Waddon," whom Foxe, as is his wont, designates by the title of martyrs,⁷ simply because they were heretics, and as such he venerates them and gives them a place in his calendar of saints.

So much then for the origin of the mischief. The hand of William White sowed the tares; let us now see how they sprung up and flourished among the wheat.

Following the information supplied by the Register already quoted, we learn that in the years 1428 and 1429, the Bishop of Norwich cited before him the persons hereafter named, they being accused of holding certain heretical opinions well known under the general name of Lollardy. Although, as Foxe more than once remarks, there is a certain degree of uniformity in the doctrines which they professed, yet in many cases each had

⁷ Foxe, iii. 592.

his own favourite heresy, which he enunciated with special energy and enthusiasm.

The first case which we quote is that of John Middleton, vicar of Halvergate⁸. He was cited to appear personally before the bishop, and having done so, on October 5, 1428, was charged with having been a common encourager and receiver of heretics; that he had harboured Sir William White, a notorious and condemned heretic, and William Baxter, of Martham⁹ in his house, had received heretical books from them, and held heretical conventicles along with them. As he denied the charge he was dismissed for the time in order that he might have the opportunity of establishing his innocence, and was required to appear again before the court on the 18th of December. On that day, he presented himself with his compurgators. Public proclamation was made for his accusers, but as no one came forward he was dismissed and reinstated in his former position. This case is worth notice, as showing that the court proceeded with all due deliberation, and showed no anxiety to act with unnecessary severity.

The next culprit who appeared was Margaret, wife of William Baxter, wright, of Martham, she having been accused of Lollardy and heresy. She admitted that she had comforted and sheltered William White, a notorious heretic, whose books she had carried and hidden for him. He had taught her certain of his opinions, such as the following. There is no Christian in the world save the man who keeps the commandments of God. She rejected confession to a priest, and ridiculed pilgrimages. No images ought to be adored in any manner. When Lucifer was cast out of Heaven, he found that he could get what he wanted here upon earth by the employment of "stocks and stones and dead men's bones." She objected to capital punishment. It was her opinion that every good man and woman was a priest, and that no one who was not a priest could enter the Kingdom of Heaven.

Margaret Baxter renounced these opinions, and accepted the penance enjoined to her.

John Baker, carpenter, of Tunstall, is the next person who was brought up for examination on the charge of "Lollardy." The opinions which he held present nothing exceptional. His confession and renunciation of his errors were readily accepted by the bishop.

⁸ Halvergate is six miles from Yarmouth. ⁹ Martham, six miles N.W. from Caistor.

The next citation is that of John Kinget, of Knelond.¹⁰ He admitted that he had been guilty of sheltering and encouraging two notorious heretical priests and two laymen, who were also heretics; and further, that he had held and propagated certain erroneous doctrines. All of these heresies he now renounced and abjured as well verbally as by writing, which he confirmed by his seal and oath. A copy of this document is entered in the Register, from which we ascertain, with considerable precision, the opinions which he had taught. They were as follows:

The Sacrament of Baptism (which the heretics in derision called "the shacklement"¹¹ of baptism) done in water in the form accustomed in the Church, is of none avail, nor to be pondered.¹² That confession of mouth made unto a priest is of none avail, nor is it pleasing to God; for confession ought to be made only to God, and to no other priest. No priest hath power to make God's Body in the Sacrament of the Altar, but God made all priests, and no priest hath power to make God, for God was made long time ere the priests were made. No matrimony should be solemnized in the church, but only consent in hearts betwixt man and woman sufficeth for matrimony. No man is bound to fast on Fridays, vigils of saints, nor on other days and times "boden by the Church to be fasted." Prayer should be made only to God, and to no other saint. No prayer should be said, but only the *Pater Noster*. No pilgrimage ought to be made, but only to poor people. "Ringing of bells is but Antichrist's horns."

Of all these heretical propositions he made a full recantation, adding, that he confessed, detested, and despised his said errors and heresies, and returned to the faith of Rome and the Universal Holy Church. Penance was then enjoined him, and he was suffered to depart.

John Skillely, of Flixton,¹⁵ miller, was even more advanced in his conclusions. He held that baptism in water was of little or no value if the parents of the unbaptized child were

¹⁰ Now Nayland, in the parish of Stoke, in Suffolk.

¹¹ Because it shackled or fettered Christian liberty. In the same mocking spirit it was a common joke among the Reformers of Henry the Eighth's time, to give the bishops the name of "bite-sheep." Thus, in "A godly letter addressed to Bishop Bonner," printed in Foxe (vii. 713) occurs the following passage: "Your lordship is made the common slaughter-slave of all your fellow bite-sheeps,—bishops, I would say."

¹² That is, not to be regarded as of any importance.

¹⁵ There are two places of this name in the county of Suffolk, one near Lowestoff, and the other near Bungay. Both of course are in the diocese of Norwich.

Christians. Confession ought to be made to God alone. No priest has the power to absolve a man from sin. In the Blessed Eucharist, after the words of consecration, the pure material bread remains upon the altar. The sole consent of mutual love between a man and a woman suffices for matrimony, without any expression of words or any solemnization in a church. Every man and woman who is in true charity is a priest of God, and no priest has greater power to administer any sacraments in the church than any layman has, who is not ordained. No one is bound to fast in Lent, or upon Fridays, and it is lawful to eat meat at all these seasons. The Pope of Rome is Antichrist, and the bishops and other prelates of the church are the scholars of Antichrist. The Pope has no power to bind or to loose upon earth. It is lawful to work on Sundays and the feasts appointed by the Church. Priests may have wives, and nuns may have husbands, and this is more commendable than to keep chastity. Ecclesiastical excommunications and censures are of no weight. No oath ought to be taken under any circumstances. No pilgrimages ought to be made. No honour is due to images of the Crucifix, or of our Lady. Holy Water is of no avail. It is lawful to take tithes and offerings away from churches and priests, for they make priests proud. The death of Thomas of Canterbury was unholy and unprofitable. Relics of Saints ought not to be venerated. It is not lawful to fight for any realm, or country, or to plead in law in support of any right or to escape from any wrong. Material churches be but of little avail and little reputation; for every man's prayer said in the field is as good as the prayer said in the church. Prayer ought to be said only to God, and not to any Saint. Ringing of bells in churches is only to get money into priests' purses. It is no sin to do contrary to the precepts and laws of Holy Church.

All these heresies and errors John Skillee, miller, had the grace to renounce. He was condemned to an imprisonment for seven years in the monastery of Langley, in the diocese of Norwich, during which time he was ordered to fast on bread and water on Fridays, and for two years he was enjoined to stand along with other penitents in Norwich Cathedral upon certain days.

I have been induced to give the list of heresies held by this individual at considerable length, because it affords a fair idea of the doctrines very generally held at this time in Norfolk. Of the other individuals who were delated to the bishop, some held

a few less and some a few more ; but Skille's recantation may be considered as an exposition of the average teaching which prevailed among the Lollards of the time.

The next examination is that of John Godsell, parchment maker, of Ditchingham,¹⁶ which took place on March 18, 1428-9. He pleaded guilty to having given shelter and support to two Lollard priests, William White, and Hugh Pye. In addition to other heresies, he maintained that the Pope is Antichrist and the head of the dragon which is mentioned in the Scriptures ; that the bishops and other prelates are the body, and that the begging friars are the tail. Every faithful man and woman is a priest, and has the power of consecrating the Body of Christ, just as much as any priest. Servile work may be done upon any day. The Catholic Church is the congregation of those persons only who shall be saved. All material churches are synagogues only ; they are of little or no use, nor are they to be had in reverence. It is lawful to take tithes and oblations from churches and to give them to the poor.

Godsell also renounced his errors and was ordered to do penance, the details of which are imperfect, several leaves being here lost from the manuscript.

The examinations were resumed on August 5, 1430, in the person of William Bate, tailor, of Sething.¹⁷ He had been for some time in prison, and was led into Court in his chains. He held the usual heresies against the Sacraments, our Blessed Lady, the Pope, and the Church. In his opinion there ought to be no painters or sculptors. He thought that it was lawful to withhold tithes and oblations from churches and curates, "so as it be done prudently." Bate renounced his errors and accepted his penance.

No criminal was cited before the court until the 9th of December in the same year, when John Burrell made his appearance. He had been the servant of Thomas Moon of Ludney, who, it will be remembered, allowed William White, the lapsed priest, and his so-called wife to reside in his house, when they were in hiding after having fled from the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury. He held the usual amount of heretical error, to which he added certain other opinions, novel at least in form if not in substance. According to him the Catholic Church is the soul of every good Christian. Every

¹⁶ Two miles from Bungay.

¹⁷ Sething stands five miles to the north of Bungay:

prayer devoutly said in the fields or woods is as acceptable in the sight of God as the same would be if said in churches with the same or equal devotion. It is useless to say prayers or to celebrate Masses for the dead, for the souls of all the dead are either in Heaven or in Hell. This world is the only place of Purgatory. He, too, recanted and did the penance enjoined to him by the Bishop.

The next culprit was "a tyler," one John Finch, of Colchester, who was brought into court in his chains; he was a relapsed offender, consequently, of some years standing. Two years previously he had been before the bishop, upon which occasion he had pretended to renounce his errors, swearing upon the Mass-book that he would do so. Disregarding his promise and oath, he had frequently repeated his former doctrines and had taught them to others. He had also failed to present himself along with the other penitents who had undertaken, as part of their sentence, to appear in Norwich Cathedral during last Lent. He had rejected the necessity and efficacy of baptism, maintaining that all Christians are already sufficiently baptized in the Blood of Christ's Passion, and therefore need no other baptism. He held that every one is bound to withdraw and keep back all tithes and offerings, and to give them to the poor. His sentence is thus recorded by Foxe :

He was enjoined this penance, namely, three disciplinings at solemn procession about the Cathedral Church of Norwich on three several Sundays, and three disciplinings about the Market Place of Norwich on three principal market days; his head, neck, and feet being bare, and his body covered only with a short shirt or vesture, having in his hands a taper of wax of a pound weight, which, the next Sunday after his penance, he should offer to the Trinity; and that for the space of three years after, every Ash Wednesday and Maundy Thursday he should appear in the Cathedral Church of Norwich, before the bishop or his vicegerent, to do open penance among the other penitentiaries for his offences.¹⁸

The master of John Burrell cited above, Thomas Moon, of Ludney, gave shelter to the fugitives White and his wife on their first appearance in Norfolk. Moon appeared in the bishop's court on August 19, 1430, after an interval of two years from the date of the principal offence with which he had been charged. He was cited for having favoured and harboured five lapsed priests and

¹⁸ Foxe, iii. 598.

eleven other heretics, and for having permitted them to keep schools for heresy within his house. All this he admitted.

It was libelled by one William Wright, that Avice, wife of Thomas Moon, was of the same sect, and that she favoured them, and receiveth them oft; and also that the daughter of Thomas Moon is partly of the same sect, and can read English. Moon abjured his heresy and accepted his penance. This same Avisia, or Hawise Moon was now compelled to explain her opinions. She had maintained, she said, that every man may lawfully withdraw and withhold tithes and offerings from priests and curates and give them to the poor people, and that he should do so is more pleasing to God. Also that the temporal lords may lawfully take all possessions and temporal goods from all men of Holy Church, and from all bishops and prelates, as also their horse and harness, and give their goods to poor people, and that thereunto the temporal men be bound in pain of deadly sin. Every man and every woman, being in good life out of sin, is as good a priest and hath as much power of God in all things as any priest ordained by the Pope or Bishop.

John Skylane, of Berghe, who came into the court in chains, admitted that he had for long time past kept schools¹⁹ for heresy at Bergh, Colchester, and London, in which schools he had heard all the errors and heresies for which he had now been libelled. Among others he held that there was never Pope after the decease of Peter, and he that is called Pope of Rome is Father Antichrist, false and accursed in all his workings; falsely and subtilly, under colour of holiness, deceiving the people to get himself good. He hath no more power of God than any other lewd man, unless he be more holy of living, and he hath no more power to make bishops, and bishops have no power to give Orders, nor to do other sacraments, nor to make priests; but all persons in the Church, from the highest to the lowest, and all their teaching and preaching, and all their "shakements" be false, cursed, and untrue; only ordained by these priests to beguile and deceive the people, and to get them good to maintain their pride, their sloth, and lechery withal.

He held also that every good man and good woman is a

¹⁹ The existence of schools for the teaching of heresy is frequently mentioned in these depositions. To the instances already given may be added that of John Abraham, of Colchester, cordwainer, who is said to have kept and held schools of heresy.

priest. The four doctors, SS. Augustine, Ambrose, Gregory, and Jerome were heretics, and their doctrines are open heresies. Anon as any man is dead, his soul goeth straight to Heaven or else to Hell, for there is no other place of purgatory, but only this world.

Richard Fletcher, of Beccles, "a most perfect doctor in that sect, who could very well and perfectly expound the Holy Scriptures," had taught that the common blessing that men use and make with their right hand availeth nothing else "but to skere away flies."

We must now pass on to "the story of Margery Baxter, the wife of William Baxter, wright, against whom one Joan, wife of William Cliffland, of the parish of St. Mary the Less, Norwich, was brought in by the bishop and compelled to depose" to the facts which are recorded in the Register. The following narrative is a summary of them.

Joan Cliffland stated that on the Friday before the Purification of our Blessed Lady last past (A.D. 1429), she was sitting in her own house, along with two of her maidservants, all being engaged in sewing. They were joined by Margery Baxter, who had brought her work with her, and the women began to have some conversation together.

The Lollard was earnest with her friend to refuse to take an oath under any circumstances whatever, and to her exhortation she added these words of caution: "Dame, beware of the bee, for every bee will sting; and, therefore, look that ye swear neither by God, nor by our Lord, nor by none other saint, for if ye do the contrary the bee will sting your tongue and ruin your soul."

The Catholic woman was silent, and her neighbour continued the discussion by asking the other what she did when she paid her daily visits in the church. "As soon as I go in," said the Catholic, "it is my custom to kneel on my knees before the Cross, and in honour of the Crucifix to say five Our Fathers, and as many Hail Marys in honour of our Lady, the Blessed Mother of Christ." "In so doing," said the other, "you do wrong. You ought not to pray before an image in such churches as those are, for God was never in any such church. He never left Heaven, nor will He ever do so. You will have no greater merit from Him for such genuflexions, adorations, and prayers made in such like churches than a candle lighted and placed under the cover of the baptismal font can give light by night to those

persons who are in the church. No greater honour is to be paid to images in churches, nor to the image of the Crucifix, than to the gallows upon which your brother might happen to have been crucified. Lewd wrights of stocks hew and form such crosses and images; and after that lewd painters gleeer them with colours. If you want to see the true Cross of Christ, I can show it to you here in your own house."

The deponent having admitted that she would gladly see the true Cross of Christ, hereupon Margery, stretching out her arms, said, "Look here! This is the true Cross of Christ, this is the Cross which you ought to see and adore daily at home. You labour in vain when you go to pray in churches, and to adore images or dead crosses."

The heretic next attacked the Sacrament of the Altar. In answer to the request that she would define what she believed respecting that doctrine the Catholic woman said, "My faith is that after the words of consecration the very Body of Christ is on the altar under the form of bread." To this Margery said, "Your belief is wrong. If every such sacrament were God and the true Body of Christ, there would be an infinite number of Gods, because that a thousand priests and more do every day make a thousand such Gods, and afterwards eat these Gods.²⁰ . . . Know, therefore, for a certainty that by God's grace, the thing which you call the Sacrament of the Altar shall never be my God, because such a sacrament has been falsely and deceitfully ordained by the priests in the Church to lead the simple people into idolatry; for that sacrament is only material bread."

The conversation then turned to St. Thomas of Canterbury. It was natural that the Lollards should hate this great advocate of the independence of the Church, and herein they showed themselves to be the descendants of John Wyclif. "The people call him a saint, exclaimed Margery, "but he was a false traitor and is damned in Hell, because he injuriously endowed the churches with possessions, and originated and supported many heresies in the Church, which seduce the simple people, and therefore if God be blessed that same Thomas was, and is, accursed; and if that Thomas was, and is, blessed, then God is accursed. Those false priests who say that he patiently suffered death before the altar do lie; for like a false cowardly traitor he was killed at the church door as he was running away."

²⁰ . . . "et postea tales Deos comedunt, et comestores emittunt per posteriora in sepibus turpiter fœtentes, ubi potestis tales Deos sufficientes invenire, si volueritis perscrutare."

Margery proceeded with her maledictions, and from past came to present grievances. "These accursed ones, the Pope, the Cardinals, Archbishops, and Bishops, and especially the Bishop of Norwich, and the others who support and maintain heresies and idolatries, reigning over the people, shall before long have the same vengeance as befell that cursed Thomas of Canterbury, or a worse. For they falsely and cursedly deceive the people with their false mawmetries²¹ and laws to wring money from the simple people in order to support their own pride, luxury, and idleness. And you may be assured that the vengeance of God will speedily come upon them, for most cruelly have they slain the children of God, namely, Father Abraham, William White, a most holy and most learned doctor of the law, together with John Waddone and some other holy men of the fellowship of Christ. Of a truth this vengeance would before now have fallen on that Caiaphas the Bishop of Norwich and his ministers, those limbs of the devil, had not the Pope sent over to these parts certain false indulgences, which that said Caiaphas had falsely obtained with the object of inducing the people to make processions to benefit themselves and their Church; which indulgences brought the simple people into cursed idolatry."

As to the Sacrament of Baptism the said Margery held that no child born of Christian parents ought to be baptized with water, according to the rites practised in the Church, because such an infant has already been sufficiently baptized in its mother's womb. And therefore that "mawmetry" and idolatry which these false and cursed priests commit by baptizing infants in fonts within the church is done by them only for the purpose of extorting money from the people in order to support these priests and their concubines.

The next sacrament against which the Lollard declaimed was that of Matrimony. Here she held that mutual consent founded upon mutual love between a man and a woman is sufficient, without the utterance of any other words, and without any solemnization within the church.

Margery next informed Dame Cliffland that no faithful man or woman is bound to fast during Lent, or on Ember-days, or on Fridays, or on the vigils of the saints, or on other days appointed as fasts by the Church. Every man, said she, may lawfully eat flesh and such other broken meats as may chance to remain

²¹ The worship of Mahomet, or any false worship.

over in the house from the previous Thursday ; and to do so is better than to go to the market and to get into debt by buying fish. She added that Pope Silvester appointed Lent.

She also told this deponent that William White, who was falsely condemned for a heretic, is now a great saint in Heaven ; that he was a most holy doctor, ordained and sent by God ; that she prayed daily to the same Saint William White, and would continue to do so every day of her life, begging that he would vouchsafe to intercede for her with the God of Heaven. This same William told her, said Margery, to follow him to the place of his execution, because she would see that there he would perform many miracles. He would there convert the people by his preaching, and would cause them to rise and slay all those traitors who opposed him and his doctrine, which was the law of Christ. She admitted that she did accompany him to the place of his execution, being anxious to see what would happen. But when this William was about to begin to preach the Word of God a certain devil, one of the disciples of Bishop Caiaphas, struck him on the mouth, and thus closed the lips of the teacher, so that he could not proclaim the Word of God.

The deponent also said that Margery assured her that she would never go on pilgrimage to Mary of Falsingham,"²² or to any other saint, or place. She praised the wife of Thomas Moon as a most holy woman, and one well learned in the doctrine of William White. A nephew of Richard Belward is also recommended as a good and learned man. We learn from another witness that this same personage (who resided at South Elmham), had a New Testament in English, which he had brought in London for four marks and forty pence, and that he taught William Wright and Margery his wife, and wrought with them continually by the space of one year, and studied diligently upon the said New Testament.

Margery now suggested that Dame Cliffland and Joan her maid should come secretly by night to her chamber, and there should hear her husband read to them the law of Christ, which was written in a book which he was in the habit of reading upon such occasions. She said that her husband was well learned in Christianity, and she also spoke in high terms of one Joan West (who resides in the Churchyard of St. Mary in the Marsh), who, she assured her, was in a good way of salvation.

²² Possibly a local pronunciation, or it may be another instance of the play upon words already referred too. See p. 491, note.

At this point the forbearance of Dame Cliffland seems to have been exhausted, or her faith to have been shocked by the revelations and proposals made to her by the Lollard woman who was sitting by her. The change, whatever it may have been, or however manifested, did not escape the observation of Margery Backster. "Joan," said she, "it seems to me by your countenance, that you intend to reveal to the Bishop the disclosures which I have made to you." "That I will never do," said the Catholic woman, "unless you give me occasion." Then said Margery unto this deponent: "If you deceive me I will serve you as I once served a certain Carmelite of Yarmouth, although he was the best learned man in the whole country."

"And what did you do to him?" inquired her neighbour. Margery then told her story. She had met the friar, she said, and had fallen into conversation with him, in the course of which she had rebuked him because he was of a mendicant order. "It were no alms," said she, "if I were to give you anything unless you will cast off your habit and take yourself to the plough. In so doing you will please God more than by following the life of such fathers as these are."

"The friar then asked me," she said, "whether I could tell him, or teach him, anything more, whereupon I declared to him the Gospel in English, after which he left me, and afterwards accused me of heresy. Hearing this, I accused him in turn of having made wicked proposals to me, and affirmed that because I would not consent, he had charged me with heresy. When my husband heard of this he would have murdered the friar, who upon this took fright and left this part of the country. Nothing more was heard of the charge of heresy."

This Lollardess had not yet finished her confidences. She told Dame Cliffland that she had frequently made false confessions to the "Dean of the Fields," with whom she wished to stand well, in consequence of which he often gave her money. The deponent then inquired: "Did you ever confess all your sins to a priest?" Margery answered that as she had never harmed any priest so there was no reason why she should confess herself to any priest, or obey any priest; "for no priest," said she, "has power to absolve any man from his sins." Priests sin every day more frequently than other men do, and every man and every woman who think as we do are good priests, and the Church is only in such places as are inhabited by our people. Therefore confession ought to be made to God only, and to no other person.

The said Margery told this deponent that in praying before images of our Lady and the saints the people did honour to the devils who fell from Heaven along with Lucifer. When these devils fell upon the earth they entered into the images which were standing in churches, and have long lurked and dwelt in them, and they dwell in them still; so that the people who adore these images commit idolatry. She said moreover that blessed water and blessed bread are but trifles, and are things of no force. The bells ought to be cast out of the churches and destroyed, and the persons who first ordained them ought to be excommunicated. She also said that she would not be burned, even though she were convicted of Lollardy, because she had, and has still, a charter of salvation *in utero suo*.

The above depositions were confirmed by Joan Grymle and Agnes Betham, the two servants of William Cliffland, who heard the above conversation between their mistress and Dame Margery.

The Register from which this information is derived leaves us in ignorance as to the fate of this active missionary of Lollardy. No further notice of her occurs in the manuscript, which however is imperfect, several leaves being lost at this point. It may be remarked however that in no instance which it records was capital punishment awarded, the accused parties admitting the truthfulness of the charges brought against them, recanting the heresies which they had previously maintained, and thankfully accepting the penance enjoined by the Bishop or his commissary.

Dame Margery Baxter was a very confirmed Lollard, and the opinions which she held were announced with a precision and thoroughness which leaves us in no doubt as to what she meant. But herein she is surpassed by the outspoken brutality of one William Colyn, skinner, of Creake, near Burnham Westgate, whose examination is here recorded. He was examined upon October 23, 1429, and the answers which he made to the articles with which he was charged are entered with scrupulous fidelity. They are so repulsively indecent and at the same time so blasphemous that it is impossible to quote them, even under the disguise of the Latin in which they have come down to us. It is enough for our purpose to say that he advocated doctrines which have appeared among us of late as what is styled "free love." In one form or another the same principles are advocated in nearly every case of Lollardy, for Lollardy, like many other

heresies, always waged a fierce war with the Sacrament of Matrimony. It was reserved, however, for William Coleyn to teach us the real drift and meaning at which these heretics aimed, and we can now figure to ourselves the condition into which society would have been reduced had they been able to carry out their principles into action.

Here we reluctantly bid adieu to the Norwich Register, for its revelations are not yet exhausted. It has afforded us a valuable insight into the practical working of Lollardism as it existed among our ancestors. The precision with which it deals with the inquiry in which we are interested gives it an exceptional importance, and places it beyond the reach of hostile criticism. The date, the locality, the nature of the court before which the offenders were summoned, the depositions of the witnesses who were examined, the mode in which the charge was met by the party inculpated, and finally, the sentence pronounced, are all entered with judicial accuracy. As a piece of documentary evidence upon the questions which it discusses this Norfolk Register is of the highest authority.

One more reflection and then we conclude. These depositions are valuable inasmuch as they give us to see how the doctrines of Lollardism were understood by the people. When they are propounded by their favourers they are minimised and clothed in the least offensive aspect which they can be made to assume. Here we have them as they were taught and believed by the labouring classes of the common people. Foxe maintains²³ that in the cases of Wyclif and the Wyclifites the charges were unfairly dealt with, "the votaries either mistaking what they said or misunderstanding what they meant." In the presence of this Norwich record any such charge becomes utterly untenable. When the "Martyrologist" ventures to suggest that documents have been falsified to the damage of the case of his clients he places himself in a dangerous position, and provokes a rejoinder. Foxe had access to this Register, and he has used it as far as suited his purpose. Did he use it honestly? We shall have occasion to answer this question in a subsequent number.

JOSEPH STEVENSON.

²³ Foxe iii. 589.

A Visit to a Spanish Hermitage.

CORDOVA is one of the most interesting places in Spain, and the view which it presented as we descended the slopes of the Sierra Morena will never fade from my memory. The grand old Moorish mosque, the Roman walls and bridge, the "tower of evil death," all these have often been described by travellers, and will never fail to evoke historical recollections. During our stay we experienced much kindness from the Governor, Don Henrique de Leguina, who accompanied us to show us some of the most interesting remains of the Moorish period, when Cordova had three hundred schools of astronomy and other sciences. His Excellency was also kind enough to obtain for us from the Bishop a written "permit" to visit the San Antonio Hermitage in the Sierra Morena, without which no woman is allowed to set foot in that part of the mountain.

At the time of our visit the brigands had been giving so much trouble that the Governor deemed it expedient to send out patrols to make sure that the road was safe, and that there was no danger of our being what they term in Spain "plagiarized." I had often enough heard of "plagiarism" in a literary sense, but in the criminal calendar of Spain the word is also synonymous with kidnapping and holding the captive till ransomed.

We set out in a small open carriage and on issuing from the city by the gate of Mala Muerte saw before us the whole range of the Sierra Morena, on which a few white buildings reflected the morning sun, the chapel of the hermitage being distinctly visible, at so great a distance and such an elevation as to seem well nigh inaccessible. The road for some miles was excellent, and almost level until we approached Arazife, an ancient Moorish outpost with a modern chateau where an English lady resides in solitary grandeur, under the immediate shadow of the mountain. About five miles further we came to the Castle of Albayda, walled round like a fortress, a perfect specimen of medieval architecture, with a chapel just inside the

main gateway, and an irregular pile of turrets, battlements and bastions, capable of holding a large garrison. We had now reached a height of some hundreds of feet above the plain and as the road ascended zigzag the view was wonderfully beautiful. A few goatherds, whom an unpractised eye might have taken for banditti, were the only persons we had seen since the ascent of the mountain began. Bare and rugged as the land seemed, it still gave support to a straggling olive plantation for some distance after passing Albayda, all the district about here as well as the castle being the property of the Duke of Hornachuelos, who, as our driver informed us, resided usually at Madrid, coming here once a year to superintend labours when the olives were ripe, the oil of Albayda being famous all over Spain.

It was almost noon when we reached a fountain where two of the *guardia civil* were resting, and in a short conversation which my husband had with them we heard that the roads were now perfectly safe, that they had orders to accompany us if we wished to the hermitage, some distance higher, or that they could wait here with our carriage till our return, as the rest of the journey must be done on foot. Just at that moment the Angelus bell from the hermit's chapel rang out above us, so clear and musical in the mountain air that we thought it was quite close to the spot where we stood, and when it ceased a number of other bells more distant were heard from different points of the hill-side, being the responses of the hermits to the noon-day prayer.

We found it tiresome work to climb up the steep path worn by mules and pedestrians to the hermitage, and after half an hour stopped to rest on a ledge of rock not far from a gateway, where a crowd of persons was assembled. As we looked down from the steep point on which we sat, we saw immediately under us the fountain, near which the *guardias civiles* and our driver were having their breakfast. The Vega or plain of Cordova lay stretched out before us like a map, with the Guadalquivir winding through it, from the foot of the Sierra Nevada to the ruined castle of Almodavar, far away beyond Cordova, in the direction of Grenada.

Notwithstanding the Bishop's passport we were not at once admitted on ringing the bell at the entrance; the porter closed the door in our faces and went in quest of the Hermano Mâyor or Superior. In a few moments the door again opened, when two of the hermits appeared with a cauldron of soup, and proceeded to ladle out a savoury-smelling food, different from the

olla podrida, puchero, or any other dish that I had ever seen, and apparently composed of bread and vegetables. It was just such a dish as Esau might have sold his birthright for. While fifty beggars were crowding round the "brothers," the porter returned and bade us enter. An avenue of cypress trees conducted us from the gate to the chapel, at the door of which stood the Hermano Mâyor, who received us and shook hands with my husband. Adjoining the chapel was the novitiate, in which we saw three postulants, two of whom were young, the third past middle age, men apparently of the uneducated class. The Superior showed us the portraits of many nobles and military officers who had retired from the world and spent here their remaining years. In the cemetery, which was surrounded by a row of cypress trees, we saw the graves of the brethren without head-stone or memorial, but kept very neatly as a flower-garden, and commanding a magnificent view.

The hermits follow the rule of St. Anthony of Egypt, and take no vows nor orders, and can leave whenever they wish. They use neither wine, meat, nor tobacco, eat nothing on Fridays, and scourge themselves once a week, besides following in every other respect a life of the utmost austerity. Each has his own hut, the present number being twenty, and all are situated at different points within a circle of half-a-mile from the chapel. Here they meet three times a day for devotions, spending each time about two hours in prayer, which is the only time that they see one another or hear a human voice. They have no refectory, for each lives in his own hut, nor any hour for recreation, except on the first Monday of each month, when they are permitted to go beyond the hermitage bounds for a long walk, singing the Rosary as they return. Their ordinary occupation is gardening, but the soil is too poor to produce enough vegetables for their support, which compels them to live partly by alms. It must be remembered that besides their own twenty-five members of the hermitage there are fifty beggars of the neighbouring mountains to be fed, and simple as is the daily fare it is always necessary to get some help from the charitable people of Cordova or elsewhere.

The hermits are from all parts of Spain, and there are none at present but Spaniards, all being as far as we could judge (except one nobleman) persons of the artisan class, some of whom had retired from the world in the very morning of life, others in mature age, to give themselves up to prayer and recollection.

That they are all men of high birth and great learning as I heard, is manifestly untrue. But they are wrapt up in pious meditations with their eyes fixed on the world beyond the grave, and full of that gentle grace which a life of self denial imparts to even the simplest. Whenever one of them dies the competition to fill his place is so great that the Hermano Mayor has to refuse numbers of applicants. The term of probation is six months as a postulant, twelve months as a novice, after which the brother has to wait for a hut until a vacancy occurs by death or retirement. It is very rare for any of the hermits to return to the world, and some of those that we saw had already passed fifty years among these rocks. Sickness is hardly known, unless rheumatism caused by their praying or sleeping in wet clothes. At all seasons and weathers they have to repair, at the sound of the chapel bell, to their devotions, and as they possess but one coarse garment of sackcloth and a shirt of serge, they have no means of changing their clothes, however wet they may be. Whether owing to this circumstance, or to the insufficient nourishment of their food, it is remarkable that the hermits hardly ever reach their seventieth year, but the exposure at such an elevation would be very trying to old men.

The Hermano Mayor led the way for us to one of the nearest huts, and at his approach the hermit came out while we entered.

The hut consisted of two rooms, very clean, and containing the simplest furniture; the bed was a few sheep-skins on some boards, with a small table on which were a skull and a crucifix, as well as some very old prayer-books. In the outer room was a fireplace, close to which stood a large clay pot containing olives, but the Superior explained to us that besides what vegetables the hermits might cook for themselves, a wooden bowl of soup was brought to each daily by the novices from the kitchen near the chapel. He showed us also a slide in the door to admit the bowl of soup, as no one was allowed to enter another's hut or even speak to him. We observed likewise a lamp, a pitcher, and a wooden plate, which completed the hermit's furniture and earthly possessions, a small garden of a quarter acre surrounding the hut, with a tall tree that stood alone like a landmark.

After exchanging a few words with the hermit, the Superior informed us that he was called away for half-an-hour by duties, and would send the Hermano Segundo, or Master of Novices, to show us the rest of the ground. The hermit then joined in

conversation with us, and invited us to sit down on a rock overlooking the valley, while he explained to us the manner of their life and some of his own antecedents.

"I was a bricklayer by trade," he said, "and came from Catalonia. My wife died about thirty years ago, leaving me one son, who, on completing his eighteenth year, was drawn for military service and sent to Cuba. Having no longer any ties with the world I retired to this place. More than twenty years have passed since then, during which time we have heard of the downfall of Queen Isabella, of a Red Republic, of an Italian King put up at Madrid, and now of the Restoration under Don Alfonso, but nobody has troubled us up here. The Cordovese people are very kind to us, and the English Vice-Consul, who is not of our holy religion, has more than once befriended us, giving us but only last month the material for a new roof to our chapel; may the Lord reward him. You see that I look older than I am, for I am only sixty; the harsh climate of the Sierra Morena gives us a weather-beaten look, and makes us old before our time."

From the hermit bricklayer's we proceeded to visit another of the brethren who lived a couple of hundred feet higher, and whose cottage was surrounded with a plantation of beans. He was a hardy, cheerful old man, and told us that he had entered this hut in his twenty-second year, and was now forty-five years living there. He had not seen a woman's face since Queen Isabella visited the hermitage in 1858, and was greatly puzzled at the idea that my husband and I could be genuine "Cristianos" or Roman Catholics, and at the same time English. As the Hermano Segundo conducted us from this spot to the cave of the Founder, he pointed out the various huts, and told us something of their owners. The cave of the proto-hermit was simply a hollow rock, perfectly dry, and large enough to allow a man to sit or lie down, but not to stand up. How he was able to support the cold seemed to me inexplicable. We passed one hut which was deserted as unwholesome, two occupants having died in quick succession, and after completing the circuit of the hermitage, we were met near the chapel by the Superior, who accompanied us to the gate and kindly bade us adieu.

At the fountain we again entered our carriage, and slowly began to descend to the Albayda. On reaching the latter place the driver inquired whether we should not like to see the view from the terrace of the castle, the steward of which was a cousin of his. We alighted and passed through a massive gateway not

unlike Bootham bar at York, crossing a paved courtyard, on one side of which was a chapel, and on the other the terrace flanked by battlements. A tall, handsome man, of about sixty, dressed in an untanned jacket of tiger skin, came forward, and taking off his hat, begged us to follow him.

The building was old, the rooms were low and uninteresting, and our guide apologized for the scanty furniture by saying that he spent (for it was the Duke and not his steward) most of the year at Madrid. When we explained that our coachman told us the family were not at home, he replied most courteously that we were now his guests, and that he was exceedingly glad of our mistake. He presented us to his wife, who was surrounded by four lovely children, and was quite as amiable as her husband.

We had not been many minutes talking, when a loud knocking was heard at the outer gate, and as the visitors walked into the room I remembered having seen them before. General and Madame Henriquez, with whom we had travelled in Galicia and the Minho Valley some months before, were come to see the Duchess of Hornachuelos, who was sister to Madame Henriquez. They were quite as much surprised to meet us at the Albayda as the Duchess was to see that I was acquainted with her sister. General Henriquez was Governor or Captain General of Galicia, and as this was his first visit to the Albayda, the Duke insisted on showing him his famous mode of pressing olives, at the same time inviting us also, if we felt interest in such matters. The olives were heaped up at one end of a barn, in the centre of which was a huge wooden wheel worked by mules, like the way sailors have for working a capstan, and from beneath it the oil flowed down in a thick stream to a cistern made of cement. It reminded me of the sugar mills that I had seen in Brazil, and if the Albayda oil is the best in Spain, I am sure it is owing rather to the superior flavour of the olive than to any perfection in the machinery used, which my husband assured me was the same as in the time of Cicero and the Roman Italica. We left the Albayda with very agreeable impressions of our visit, and returned to Cordova before sunset, having spent a delightful day in the Sierra Morena, and one remembered among the pleasantest of our wanderings in Spain.

MARION MULHALL.

Irish Emigration.

AS long as the present condition of things prevails in Ireland, we must expect a steady and continuous increase in the emigration which is unfortunately carrying hundreds and thousands of her children far away from the old country to that "New Ireland" which is gradually rising up and gathering strength day by day across the Atlantic. We say unfortunately, because we are firmly persuaded that under existing circumstances emigration is no remedy for the troubles of Ireland. It is a danger for the Empire in the future, inasmuch as those who leave Ireland, generally leave with a bitter hatred of the Saxon in their breasts. Throughout the whole of the New World, an English speaking race bitterly opposed to England and animated with a deep sense of past wrong is steadily increasing, a race brought originally into existence by the cruel penal laws and disastrous legislation of the eighteenth and early part of the present century. This is a fact which English statesmen have to face, which the English public cannot ignore, and which must cause all lovers of peace and order the gravest anxiety. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation, and we the descendants of those who sought by fire, the sword, and the dungeon, to exterminate a people and ostracize their faith, cannot expect to escape. The present state of Ireland, deplorable as it undoubtedly is, may be considered as the direct legacy of the legislation of the past.

The great foe of Catholicism in America, Australia, and other places where the Irish emigrate, is the unnatural character of Irish emigration. It is not so much emigration as exile. The majority of Irishmen who emigrate do not do so, because they wish to leave their native country, but because they are practically compelled by adverse circumstances which should not exist. They are driven out by necessity. They do not depart of their own free and voluntary choice.

The Archbishop of Cashel has spoken strongly on this point. As long ago as 1879, he wrote :

I protest against it on principle, and I protest against it because of what experience has told me of emigration whether wholesale or in detail The Irish people should not allow themselves to be driven a second time from their native land. I have seen the scattered children of our race in almost every land that the sun shines upon, and after a fair experience in the Great Republic of the West, and in the numerous dependencies that own the sway of Great Britain, I have no hesitation whatever in saying that an Irishman's fittest and happiest home is in Ireland. . . . Many of our people have risen, no doubt, to eminent station and have acquired great wealth abroad. Personally, I love the free flag that protects the industry and the independent spirit that cheers while it rewards honest labour, whether it be in the United States of America or in the flourishing Colonies of England at the Antipodes. But it is well to have it understood that hardship, and often disappointment, are the emigrant's lot, that he has to toil much for his bread abroad, that though wages are high, the necessities of life are high-priced also, that a shilling at home is worth a dollar in America, or at the Antipodes, and that the simplest and scantiest fare beside one's household gods is sweeter than roast and boiled amongst strangers. Religion too is essential to the happiness of the Irish Catholic, and nowhere is he so sure of finding it as in *Holy Ireland*. On this account also I protest against any emigration scheme, and regard any proposal of a Government Emigration Scheme as an outrage on the country.

Many others of the Irish Episcopate are known to hold equally strong views on the subject, and it is probable that a majority of the clergy and laity are altogether opposed to any general scheme of emigration.

It is important to bear in mind that men, women, and children are the wealth of a nation, and that there must be something very rotten in the social or political condition of a people among whom it seems to be otherwise. The emigrant ship is freighted with the very thews and sinews of the State, with its youth, health, vigour, and enterprize. It leaves behind it, in an undue proportion, the old, the sickly, and the shiftless. It cannot be the true interest of a nation in such an abnormal condition as Ireland to promote it. She does not possess a sufficiently large population to make things cheap, and emigration is an index of the pressure of want on industry. It shows the weight of the burden of beggars and paupers, and the extent of the drain upon the reproductive resources of the nation. With money seeking investment, barren lands inviting labour,

and the refuse of towns running to waste, it cannot be wise to expatriate her people. The beggar and the pauper displace the labourer. The labourer emigrates while the beggar and the pauper remain behind.

The aim of too many of the Irish landlords in the past, no matter how they may have disguised the fact by specious arguments about the size of holdings, or the benefit of large farms, has been to root the people out of the soil and turn their lands into grazing fields. Some persons, even now, hardly attempt to hide their aspirations in this matter. A Westmeath landlord writing to the *Times* not long ago, held up to the admiration of his fellows his own example in making extensive clearances.

For the last thirty years [he writes], I and my father have been laying out money in enlarging the farms. This involved the necessity of being content with less income for many years. But the result is that this year I have given no abatements, have no arrears worth mentioning, and no distress whatever.

The individuals who speak in this strain forget that people were not made to be exterminated in order that a single class might have everything their own way, and that such sentiments pave the way for Communism and Revolution. The peasantry of Ireland, as well as the peasantry of other lands, have a right to stay in their own country when it contains land enough, not only for themselves but for many more, and those who affirm the contrary place an effectual weapon in the hands of the Communist. Mischievous fallacies are constantly propagated about the surplus population of Ireland and the absolute necessity of a check. Mr. Montgomery Martin, in his work, *Ireland before and after the Union with Great Britain*, a work undertaken with the sanction (it was understood) of Sir Robert Peel's Administration and to support his views, laboured hard to show that Ireland in proportion to its cultivable surface was too densely peopled, and that its density of population as compared with other countries, was one of the main causes of its generally distressed condition. But Mr. Allison, a higher authority, in his work on the *Principles of Population*, shows that so far from Ireland being too densely peopled, it is capable of sustaining six times the amount of its present inhabitants. On the most moderate calculation, he observes :

Great Britain and Ireland are capable of maintaining in ease and affluence one hundred and twenty millions of inhabitants, making due

allowance for waste and uncultivated lands. This result, immense and incredible as it may appear, would only be at the rate of two or three persons to every acre of arable and meadow land in the kingdom, a proportion which is by no means impossible if it be considered that three-fifths of the land brought into cultivation in Great Britain and Ireland, or twenty-seven millions of acres are in meadow pastures, that one acre is capable of producing on an average two quarters, that is of maintaining two human beings, and that in potatoes, according to the best authorities, it will feed three times as many.

Fully aware that this would appear startling to those not accustomed to grapple with such subjects and to consider the almost boundless improvement of which the earth is susceptible, he gives the exact details of his calculation, as follows :

	<i>Acres.</i>
Total area	24,000,000
Deduct mountain and bog	8,000,000
Remains arable	16,000,000
Of which one-half for luxuries	8,000,000
One-half for staple food	8,000,000
Of which one-half in wheat at two quarters an acre, will feed annually	12,000,000
One-half in potatoes at three times that	36,000,000
Might be maintained in Ireland	48,000,000

When persons talk of the surplus population in Ireland they forget that God has peopled the country with others besides themselves, for whose common sustenance the fruits of the earth are designed. The late Lord Westmeath in the famine years of 1846 and 1847 actually proposed a taxation of the rich to force the superfluous poor to emigrate, and the establishment of an efficient, tangible, and permanent legal power to prevent the fraudulent subdivision of property. He must have forgotten the familiar lines of his poor but gifted countryman Oliver Goldsmith :

The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied,
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
Space for horses, equipage, and hounds ;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth ;
His seat where solitary sports are seen,
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green,
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies,
While thus the land adorned for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

Even in its present state with its natural resources so poorly and partially developed, Ireland would afford the means of sustenance for its whole population were measures but adopted to distribute those means as God has designed them to be distributed. The present land rental of Ireland is said to be upwards of twenty millions. Emigration cannot be necessary when there are several million of acres of waste land that are reclaimable, and the reclaiming of which would not only employ and feed and enrich the *superfluous poor*, but impart power and prosperity to the whole nation. And yet instead of promoting so natural, so beneficent, and so desirable an object, modern radicals, actuated it may be presumed by the enlightened principles of the political economy of the nineteenth century, and not altogether uninfluenced, it is to be feared, by more selfish principles, would willingly suffer taxation to force the people to emigrate. If emigration, however, be inevitable, it is most important that tradesmen, artisans, and farmers should know whither and what they are going to before they leave their country and set out on a quest of some imaginary abode of bliss, for it by no means always follows that the glowing accounts concerning the inexhaustible demand for skilled labour in the United States can be relied on.

A touching description was given in one of the New York papers not long ago, of the arrival of a batch of emigrants sent out at the expense of Father Nugent, Chaplain of the Borough Gaol in Liverpool. It says :

The Allan Line steamer *Austrian* arrived in Boston on June 22nd. Among her passengers were 200 Connemara emigrants booked for one of the Catholic colonies in Minnesota, organized and conducted by Bishop Ireland. Mr. Dillon O'Brien,¹ of St. Paul's, was on board to receive them, and they were kept on board during the night. The scene on the wharf and in the great storehouse was one long to be remembered. The immigrants were allowed to land, and they readily seized the opportunity. Very few of them could talk English. All, with the exception of one family, were in a state of abject poverty and squalor. Very few of the women had shoes, none of the children had any. Barefooted and bareheaded, with but little clothes on their backs, the little ones ran up and down among the sacks, barrels, and

¹ Since the above was written the papers announce his death. For nearly twenty years from the time he left Ireland, he was a conspicuous figure in Irish politics in the far West, and was the first to call together the Irish in America to relieve their fellow countrymen during the distress in 1880.

bales. They were free from the restraints of ship life although under slight surveillance, and they wanted to make the most of their liberty. Old men and women sat on their boxes and bundles in a gloomy and thoughtful mood. The New World was opening before them, would it be better than the Old? Would they improve their condition? Certainly they could make it no worse, and this thought gave a sort of consolation which cheered them a little. I asked a rather intelligent-looking man of about thirty, who seemed to stray away from the crowd, how he expected to get along in the West? "Oh, I don't know sir," he said, "I hope we may be able to make a good living, and we will if they give us a chance." After awhile, he said, "Begorra, we can't be any worse than we were in the ould counthry anyhow. We will own our own farms and have to pay no rint. If we can make a start we'll work hard to show we are in earnest." At half-past one dinner was served. The poor exiles were evidently hungry, for they eagerly devoured the coarse food which was served to them. They sat around along the walls, some on boxes, some on the bare floor, and waited while the ship-stewards served out boiled potatoes and boiled corned beef. While I was looking upon this scene Mr. Dillon O'Brien came up. "What will you do for these people in Minnesota?" I asked. "We will give them eighty acres of good land, a yoke of oxen and a house for each family, keep them all the winter in food and clothes, and in the spring they will have their farms in good condition for tillage. On each of these farms we have broken five acres, so that a start has been made. This land is what is known as railroad indemnity property, and we expect to get it for four dollars an acre. For this we will give it to them even if we are obliged to pay for it. But if it should revert to the Government, as it is very likely to do, these emigrants will own it by the right of the squatter." At three o'clock, cars were switched on to the Cunard wharf, and the *Exiles of Erin* put on board. They left on the regular Western Express at six o'clock, all in good health, but destitute.

The description in the Irish papers of the embarkation of these same poor emigrants at Galway, after having first attended to their religious duties and assisted at a Mass in the parish church, where they received Holy Communion, and listened to an excellent exhortation from Father Nugent, was equally touching, and would form a thrilling episode for a writer to descant upon, or for a philanthropist to study.

Such scenes were unhappily of too common occurrence during the year 1846 and 1847 to attract much attention, but they were none the less remarkable and have sunk deeply down and engraved themselves upon the minds of those who witnessed them.

Mr. A. M. Sullivan, late M.P. for Meath, in his work entitled *New Ireland*, thus writes :

Hundreds of Irish emigrants crossed the Atlantic with barely the tattered clothes on their back, and without a shilling to purchase even one day's food on landing. . . . Often as I stood and watched these departing groups I tried to think what it might be that they could do in the land they were going to. What were they fitted for? Nearly everything was against them. I speak in all this of the peasant or cottier emigrant. Mingling in the vast throng went thousands who happily for them, possessed education, skill, and occasionally moderate means for a start in life on the other side. . . . The children of the poorer emigrants grew up amidst terrible contaminations. The police records soon began to show an array of Celtic patronymics. . . . For my own part, I can never forget the mournful impressions made upon me more than twenty years ago, when investigating the condition of the labouring Irish in Staffordshire and in Lancashire, in Boston and in New York. I knew that these poor countrymen of mine were of better and nobler material than the strangers around them imagined, that they were the victims of circumstances. I saw and deplored their vices and their failings. Saw that their native Irish virtues, their simple, kindly, generous nature had almost totally disappeared in the cruel transplantation. The fact is that many of the Irish poor who emigrate to America stay in the large cities, and so far from bettering their condition, end their days in a workhouse. Many bishops and clergy, both in Ireland and America, think that it would be better for such persons to die of starvation in the old country than to emigrate after this fashion. An American gentleman who has taken a very active and prominent part in the efforts to relieve Irish distress, said, "If you send a shipload of emigrants to New York and leave them there, you might as well sink them in the middle of the ocean."

The practical question arises, What is to be done to keep the people at home? Must they starve and perish? With little or no prospect of obtaining food or clothing in their own country, they are practically compelled to leave it and yet the future of many of those who thus emigrate, if it could be seen beforehand would be disheartening. Those who have had experience of the Irish emigrant in America and the colonies, where they have every facility to practise their religion, tell a sad tale of the numbers who lose their faith. This is not the case with the old people (the original emigrants), though even amongst them there are in many instances careless and indifferent Catholics, but the children frequently grow up without the knowledge of their religion, and the second generation will tell the priest that they

are able to judge for themselves in religious matters, that they can save their souls without confession or the sacraments, and that matrimony is no more than a civil contract.

No one can deplore, more than the writer of this article, the fact that Irish peasants quit their country when there are millions of acres uncultivated, but as long as they do emigrate, prudence and philanthropy suggest that they should be taught to go wisely. The good accomplished would be far greater if the emigrant could be brought out to the West of America, before he had spent some years in the large cities on the east coast, and had thus become deteriorated, and in a measure unfitted for a farmer's life. This latter is a problem difficult to solve. Nearly all the Irish who go to America, go with but just means enough to land them in New York, and therefore nothing can be done without providing them with sufficient to take them West. A gift is out of the question for two reasons. In the first place it would make them paupers and they would lose their self-respect. In the second place enough money could not be obtained from the charitable for that purpose. Now to induce capitalists to invest their money in a loan company, good security must be obtained, so that a colonization company which could purchase land from the railroad corporations at about a pound sterling the acre (according to report for the fee simple), might prove successful. The company should then advance to the emigrants the necessary capital, and place each family on eighty acres. The cost of the land would be £80; the necessary capital, £120, or £200 in all; the interest of which at 8 per cent. (considered in Minnesota a low rate), would amount to £16 a year. Eight per cent. is a tempting interest for capitalists in Great Britain or Ireland on such undoubted security as land in the West of America, for once it is settled up, it more than doubles in value and might be invested in with great benefit. This is only one of the many schemes that have been propounded, but it seems to be more practical and possible than the rest. A company, modelled somewhat after this idea, has recently been started, entitled "The Irish-American Colonization Company, Limited," with several influential Irish gentlemen for its directors, amongst whom are the Right Hon. W. H. F. Cogan, the late Member for Kildare; Dr. Ireland, Coadjutor Bishop of St. Paul's, Minnesota; and Mr. Edmund Dease, late Member for Queen's Co. It was founded for the purpose of enabling those who were emigrating from Ireland to take advantage of

the vast tracts of magnificent tillage land lying idle in the Western States of America, such as Minnesota. The prospectus states that the company does not offer anything in the way of alms, but that it lends money on good security. It will purchase land in suitable localities, and place settlers on it, providing them with houses, farm implements, and other suitable necessities which the directors may consider they require for a fair start. According as the principal is paid by the settlers, it will, if it is considered advisable by the directors be invested, in the purchase of more land.

The development of the State of Minnesota has been the most remarkable among the Western States, as the following statistics will show. The cultivated area in

	<i>Acres.</i>
1850 was	1,900
1860 „	433,267
1870 „	1,863,316
1877 „	2,896,496
1879 „	4,090,039
1880 „	4,367,651

The first railroad in the State was built in 1862, and was only ten miles long. Last year there were 2,608 miles, and this year over 3,000.

It is not the purpose of the Colonization Association, as has been stated already, to encourage emigration from Ireland, but its object is to induce the poor Catholics who do emigrate, not to settle in the cities and factory towns, but to proceed in communities to the cheap lands which abound in the far West.

The pain of separation from friends and relations is much lessened by numbers being settled together, and by securing homes and lands as a colony in the country of their adoption, for in this way, they practically as it were, make a New Ireland for themselves.

The New World stands in strange contrast to the Old, whose interest embraces all the future as the Old does all the past. Both alike have their histories, but of the former only, the elementary characters exist, while the latter is even now far written; the one represents the aged man still vigorous and bold, full of quaint legends and fond superstitions, the pleasant stories and the richest fancies, his faculties still unimpaired, with intellect to will, and power to execute; the other, the child of greatest

promise, born at a time when science and art have already achieved so much, with every hope that can stimulate and recollection that can endear. That which has already been accomplished in the New World is a sufficient proof of the greatness of its future fulfilment. The war with the wilderness, as a French writer has termed it, is calculated to call forth the same energy, the same untiring exertion, and we may add the same suffering as the war between man and man. But here the enemy is never totally defeated, always presenting a bold and undisturbed front. Mountains are perforated, wild plains traversed, inland seas covered with fleets, but ever before the bold and gallant adventurer extends a wide unbroken horizon, the present limit of his enterprize. The red man yet possesses forests, prairies, and broad rivers, which he can call his own until one morning he hears the stroke of the axe ringing through the clear blue air, and he knows from that hour the days of his inheritance are numbered, and the tomb of his fathers shall never receive him. So the genius of civilization stalks on, and the poor emigrant, with no patrimony, save his own labour, clears the ground, plants the seeds, builds the log hut, and in this simple manner, perhaps, lays the foundation of some mighty city, which, in its turn shall send forth the husbandman and artisan to become the centres of fresh circles of employment. The progress of the English-speaking race has hitherto exceeded that of any other, and the mother country may be proud of her descendants in America and elsewhere, even though they have emancipated themselves from her authority. The English, Scotch, Germans, Danes, French, Dutch, and Italians, have all contributed their quota to the citizens of the greatest of all ancient or modern colonies.

But after all America, in so far as it is a recent colony, is mainly Irish and Catholic. The Irishman who crosses the Atlantic carries with him that intense love of home and country, and, we fear we must add, that bitter hatred of England, which distance does not diminish nor time obliterate. We must hope and pray that he may ever carry with him, and maintain in all its fervour, that faith which he has kept during centuries of cruel persecution and which one day God will reward with the vigour of a renewed youth, when the nations which have lost their faith will have learned to their cost that heresy brings corruption and corruption leads on to decrepitude and decay.

H. B.

*Heroes of Clericalism.*¹

ON the morrow of the terrible war which some ten years ago cost the French and Germans oceans of noble blood, Protestant Germany, under the guidance of Prince Bismarck, rewarded the clergy, secular and regular, of Catholic Germany for their devotedness in the service of their sick and wounded fellow-countrymen by banishing the one and persecuting the other. Catholic France, which, under the dictatorship of M. Léon Gambetta, and at the mercy of Atheists and Freemasons, seems to have profited but little by the lessons in the art of war and military discipline she might have learnt from her hated adversary, has nevertheless with a strange inconsistency condescended to take another leaf out of her enemy's book, and is at this moment even bettering the instruction. Having opened her doors to the murderers of the martyred Archbishop and his priests, and closed them against the religious orders, turned the Sisters of Charity out of their hospitals, and deprived her brave soldiers of their chaplains, she is at present zealously engaged in banishing the very name of God from her schools, breaking crucifixes and holy images, and organizing a war, which shall be legal, against the Church of France at large. Under these circumstances, M. d'Avesne's book, *Devant l'Ennemi*, in which he has recorded the heroic deeds of Christian France during the late war, is particularly well-timed. Assuredly France has forgotten all the numberless acts of noble self-sacrifice displayed in evil times by her priests and her religious men and women; otherwise, instead of joining in the hue and cry, she would impose silence on the foul tongues of the slanderers who blaspheme, and beat down the sacrilegious hands raised to strike them. The simple record of these heroic deeds is an unanswerable refutation of the calumnies and the best possible protest against the outrages, which are being daily heaped on the

¹ *Devant l'Ennemi*. Par E. d'Avesne. V. Palmé, Editeur. Paris: Rue des Sts. Pères, 76.

patriotism of men and women, who yield to none in unselfish love of their country.

Indeed, though many noble deeds were performed by both sides, yet when the final account is cast up, will it not be found that, whilst all the shame belongs to unbelieving, the lion's share of the glory will fall to the lot of believing France? Anyhow, the balance of patriotism will certainly not lie on the side of those men who, instead of sinking their political differences in the hour of danger, profited by the disasters of their country to set up a Revolution, which crippled her hands in war, and tied them for peace; who when Paris, begirt by her enemies, was starving, strove to overthrow the Government they had themselves set up; who on the morrow of the surrender of the capital plunged France into a civil war, red with murder and conflagration; who, in a word, used the misfortunes of their country to push themselves forward for their own selfish ends, and who, having had the disposal of large sums of the public money, for which they have never to this day accounted, from comparatively poor before the war, have been ever since rolling in wealth. Assuredly the palm of merit will be awarded to Christian, not to infidel France. Those chivalrous men will have a better title to the gratitude of their countrymen, who came fresh from their brave but hopeless defence of Rome to volunteer their services as the forlorn hope of their country; who no matter what their social position, patrician or plebeian, or what their political opinions, Legitimists, Orleanists, or Imperialists, fought, bled, and died, oftener as simple privates than officers, for Republican France; and who, the sworn enemies of anarchy and disorder, stepped in and rescued a revolutionary power from the Revolution itself, covering with their bayonets the persons of those very dictators who to-day turn the powers they hold as Ministers against their former defenders. And where was there found courage truer than that of the priest ministering to the wounded and the dying on the battle-field, or devotedness more heroic than that of the Sister of Charity at the ambulance, or self-sacrifice more generous than that of the bishops, and priests, and Brothers of the Christian Schools, who gave up their palaces, colleges, and seminaries, to be converted into barracks, or, more often, into hospitals? Which in time of peace or war has done most for the free foundation of schools in town and country, and for the gratuitous support of the sick, the poor, and the orphan—

Christian or infidel France? It was into the arms of Christian, not pagan France, that the soldier fell pierced with Prussian bullets; it was Christian, not pagan France, which staunched the blood of the wounded in the hospital or casemate, and showed her sons by her own example how to fight without reproach and die without fear. And the men and women, be it remembered, who did these things, have never sought nor asked for any other reward, than the permission to continue their mission of peace and good works. If the country they have served so long, so faithfully, and so disinterestedly, not only refuses them the favour, but banishes some and harries the rest of them, their persecutors might, one would think, respect their virtue so far at least as not to call their heroism in question.

But charity is deeper than hate. Injustice cannot sour any more than violence can in the long run prevail over the truly religious. Let but the hour of trial come again, and at the first call of duty, the men, whom it is the fashion of the moment to revile, will be found ready once more to devote themselves, wherever there is sorrow to comfort, or pain to relieve, at the cost of labour and the risk of life.

A glance at M. d'Avesne's neatly printed and handsomely illustrated work, will satisfy the reader of the pains the author has taken to collect trustworthy evidence of the noble conduct displayed during the Franco-German War by the clergy, secular and regular, by the Christian Brothers, by the Sisters of Charity, and by the *alumni* of the Catholic schools established as training-ground for the great military academies of France. It is obviously impossible for us to follow him over so wide a range. We will therefore, in the first place, content ourselves with a passing mention of one interesting fact, not generally known, in reference to the last-mentioned heading of the book under review, before dwelling at greater length on more general topics. The single Jesuit school of the Rue Lhomond, otherwise known as the Ecole Sainte-Geneviève, in the short space of twenty-five years supplied the Government military schools with no fewer than 2,393 cadets. In the war of 1870, 1093 were actually serving in the army, 86 fell on the field of battle, and 184 earned decorations for conspicuous gallantry. There is not a battle or a siege, in which the names of one or more of these heroic young men do not figure. But Sainte-Geneviève was not alone in furnishing her contingent of soldiers. Toulouse, Metz, Amiens, Mongré, Vaugirard, Iseure, Vannes, Avignon, Bordeaux,

Dôle, Montauban, Poitiers, Saint-Afrique, and Sarlat, each and all were more or less numerous represented on the field of battle. Neither had the Jesuits a monopoly of this kind of patriotic education; the Dominicans, the Marists, the Eudists, and other religious bodies have had a large share in the noble work. Indeed, the efforts of these devoted men were so successful, that the French army was being fast leavened with Christian officers. It was this very success which inspired a certain malevolent speech of M. Gambetta in the Chamber of Deputies, and which has had more to do with the subsequent total expulsion of the religious orders from France than is generally supposed.

A French speaker before the war had taken upon himself, in the course of a loud-mouthed harangue, to make the following sapient prediction about the sons of Catholic France: "When the time comes for you to appeal to the spirit of men trained up by masters such as these (the religious), to speak to them of their duties as loyal citizens, to inspire them with thoughts of self-sacrifice and devotion to their country, you will find yourselves confronted by a poor spiritless creature without energy or manhood." This is how, when the war broke out, these emasculated soldiers gave the lie to the speaker, on the testimony of a brave old officer who paid them this high compliment before the Council-General of the Vosges: "In the course of a long military career I have, in various circumstances, often had under my orders young officers trained up in the religious schools, particularly in those conducted by the Jesuit Fathers. I cannot tell you how much I have been struck by their noble character and sentiments, by their respect for discipline and duty, by their entire devotion and unshaken patriotism. I have since had many opportunities of watching the conduct of those religious men themselves, who are now a prey to attacks in the press which I will not qualify, and which are as well known to you as they are to me. I have seen those priests at work whom men affect to treat as aliens, and to sum up in a few words the impression which their behaviour has made upon my mind, I declare to you that I should think I was passing the highest and most flattering encomium possible on any one of my hearers, if I told him that he was as true and loyal a Frenchman as they are." Which was right, the impudent stump-orator, who taxed brave men with effeminacy and want of spirit, or the blunt old officer who could not sufficiently praise

their devotion to duty? The answer, we know, is to be found on the many fields these boy soldiers have watered with their brave young blood.

Patriotism comes naturally to the priest, because a spirit of sacrifice is at the bottom of all true love of country, and the life of the priest is a life of continual sacrifice. There is nothing, therefore, so very extraordinary in the heroism of the French bishops and their priests. Their conduct was, after all, only just what we should have expected from a clergy, than which there is perhaps none more highly educated, none more devoted to duty, none more distinguished by spotlessness of life, in the Catholic Church. At the first sound of the cannon the Bishops applied to the Imperial Government for leave to send their priests as chaplains to the forces. The application received no answer. From the Ministry of War they betook themselves to the *corps législatif*, but though they claimed no salary for the services of their clergy, and the Bishops of Angers and Bayonne even undertook to bear all the expense themselves, their petitions were relegated to the official pigeon-hole, and remained unheeded. Then, when after the fatal days of Wissenburg, Wörth, Forbach, Buzancy, Bazeilles, and Sedan the noisy enthusiasm of other men had evaporated, and the hour for making sacrifices had struck, the Bishops stepped into the breach. To the clamours of those, who, more out of hatred of religion than from love of country, demanded the immediate enrolment of all priests under the standard, they replied by offering the services of their clergy, not only as chaplains but also as simple infirmarians. The Bishop of Angers took an active part in the formation of an army corps in Maine and Anjou, and furnished money, as well from his own private resources as from those of his see, for the clothing and equipment of volunteers. The Bishop of Saint-Brieuc and the Archbishop of Bordeaux went further still, and helped to fill up the gaps in the ranks of the army by permitting and exhorting such of their seminarists, as had not irrevocably bound themselves to the ministry of the altar, to volunteer for active service in the field. In this way, too, were the seminaries of Bourges, of Amplepuis, and of Nantes emptied of their ecclesiastical students. As for the buildings themselves, the flag of the Red Cross was very soon seen floating from the walls of every seminary in France. This was the case at Paris, Metz, Pont-à-Mousson, Rennes, Châlons, Dijon, Plombières, Troyes, Orleans, Séz, Moulins, and Beauvais. From Arras to Cam-

brai, and from Marseilles to Aix every diocesan building was turned into an ambulance or hospital.

But the charity of the higher clergy did not stop here. The Bishops of Orleans, of Strasburg, and of Metz, the Archbishops of Tours and Rheims, and the Cardinal Archbishops of Rouen and Besançon, all opened their episcopal residences to receive the sick and wounded. Soon the very churches were converted into ambulances. Not unfrequently these noble-hearted prelates were ready, like their Divine Master, the Good Shepherd, to risk life itself for their flocks. After the investment of Paris, the Germans being driven by the frequent raids of the Franc-tireurs on the railways to take extraordinary measures of precaution for the safe convoy by rail of men and munitions, their staff hit upon the novel device of forcing one or more notable personages of the towns in their occupation to travel as hostages on the engine. The Bishop of Châlons at once offered to fill this rôle, but, as the municipal authorities scrupled to expose so precious a life to danger, his offer was refused. The municipality of Rheims were not so squeamish, and Archbishop Landriot made more than one journey cheek by jowl with the stoker, not a little surprised to find his greasy blouse keeping such distinguished company as the violet soutane of an Archbishop. God was not slow to reward His servant in the most consoling of ways. It will be remembered that after the surrender of Laon the citadel was blown up, with great loss of life to both sides, by some French desperadoes. The justly exasperated Prussians held the Prefect of the city responsible for the cowardly act. He was accordingly tried by court-martial and summarily ordered out for execution. The Archbishop of Rheims intervened in the nick of time, and by his earnest entreaties and the great personal influence his own devotedness so deservedly gave him with the general staff, succeeded in saving the wretched man's life.

But episcopal intervention was exerted as powerfully and successfully in the preservation of property as in the saving of life. When the Prussians came down upon a town or city with one of their ruthless demands for a war contribution in hard cash, as often as not it was the Bishop who made the last appeal *ad misericordiam*, and who rarely departed without having obtained an abatement in the exorbitant demands of the conqueror. Cardinal Guibert, for example, at that time Archbishop of Tours, succeeded in bringing down the Crown

Prince's demand from 7,000,000, first to 1,200,000, and finally to 500,000 francs. The influence of the Cardinal Archbishop of Rouen operated no less powerfully with the King. The department of the Seine-Inférieure, drained by previous requisitions, found itself quite unable to meet a fresh contribution of twenty-six millions of francs. But the enemy was inexorable, and would hear of no delays; the department was ordered to pay up at once, or resign itself to the most harassing exactions. In these distressing circumstances the Archbishop hurried off to Versailles, where he pleaded the cause of his flock so effectually, that the old King at last consented to reduce the tax by two-thirds. The example set by the Bishops was followed with the same results by their clergy. To quote only one instance. A fine of 200,000 francs had been imposed upon the commune of Courbevoie. The Protestant minister, a German by extraction, having failed to obtain the least abatement of the sum demanded by the Prussian staff, a young Catholic curate made bold to confront Prince Bismarck and General Von Moltke themselves, whom he prevailed upon to reduce the contribution to 80,000 francs.

There were times, however, when success like this was obtained only at the cost of much suffering. The devoted men who undertook these ticklish negotiations were often treated with great brutality by the Prussians, and in reward for their interference were beaten, thrown into prison, tried by court-martial, and finally interned in German fortresses. The Abbé Valtier, curé of Vermont, fell a victim to personal violence, and the curé of Sermange died of his wounds received whilst protecting his flock against the exorbitant demands of German soldiers. The anger of the invader was nothing loth to hold the country curé responsible for the partial checks he met with in his advance—which, whatever his own countrymen may say about the patriotism of these good priests, is proof, that their zeal was regarded as a great deal too earnest and active by the enemies of France. In the early days of the war, a poor priest was arrested, tried by court-martial, and shot at a place called Gunstatt, because he would not act as guide, and lend his knowledge of the country to help the Germans to intercept a body of French troops. "I am ready to die," he said, after a short prayer, "to betray France, never!" And he fell riddled with musket-balls. "How many balls have I a right to?" asked the curé of Sarreguemine of a Prussian officer clamouring for the keys of the church. "Eight," answered the officer, "and the *coup de grâce*." "Then

be sure of this," was the priest's intrepid answer, "you will never get into my church to profane it, except by passing over a body with nine balls in it." How many were actually shot under similar circumstances, it is impossible to say, but hundreds were tried by court-martial, and marched off to prison in German fortresses.

Canister and grape had no more terrors for the gallant French priest than the threats of a brutal and drunken soldiery, as is proved by the fact, that one hundred and eighteen priests were decorated with the cross or the ribbon of the Legion of Honour for conspicuous bravery in the field. He was ubiquitous; on the flank of the column in march, well to the front in battle, and at the close of the action, when evening was come, and the silence of night and death had gathered over the blazing plain, he was still at work, groping about amidst piles of broken arms, and scattered accoutrements, and dismantled guns, and overturned gun-carriages, and exploding shells, with his flask of water and his absolution, ready for the wounded and the dying. When the war broke out there were but forty-six chaplains to minister to the spiritual wants of the whole French army. One priest to a division is short allowance even in time of peace, when the soldier, with no thought of death before him, gives himself up to a life of pleasure, and leaves the chaplain little enough to do. But when the hour of active service is come, and the men have to say good-bye to town life, with its thousand and one attractions, and face fatigue, sickness, death, and perhaps even the bitterness of defeat, there are few who do not sidle up to the priest, because they feel the need in that hour of a friend, who shall keep up their pluck for them by speaking to them of God. When, therefore, the Government set up by the Revolution of September showed some willingness to accept the offer of those services, which had been, as we have said, slighted if not positively refused by imperial bureaucrats, the French clergy volunteered to join the army as chaplains by hundreds. They flocked to the standard, these soldiers of the Cross, from all parts of France, with no other arms than a breviary and a crucifix, to toil with all their strength, and often to die, without thought of salary, or hope of reward, beyond that which is bestowed by a good conscience here and by God hereafter.

But we should never have done if once we began to go into detail on this head, so for further particulars we must refer our readers to the work itself of M. d'Avesne, which, if it has a fault,

may perhaps be found a little wanting in variety, a result incidental to the long recital of deeds of heroism done by brave men. A single short quotation from a report sent up to the French Academy on August 8, 1872, will be sufficient for our present purpose, which is to introduce this very interesting book to the notice of the readers of the MONTH :

In speaking of the clergy [the report in question says], we must acknowledge that it has been found fully equal to its exalted mission. The clergy came forward from the very commencement with the spontaneous offering of their hearty service in the common cause. Animated by a determined spirit of resistance to the enemy, and breathing the same ardent patriotism, they exercised a most powerful influence both by word and action over the hearts of the laity both in and out of their parishes. Having but one mind and one heart with the rest of France, they gave their help in the hospitals and workshops at home, or served as chaplains to the ambulances abroad, or took their turn as nurses and litter-carriers on the ramparts, or volunteered to march out at the head of a column in a sortie, always prodigal under the very fire of the enemy of spiritual succour and bodily relief to the wounded and the dying.

What the noble secular clergy of France were in those trying days, that too were the regulars. The Christian Brothers, and the Sisters of Charity amongst other practical ways of showing their patriotism, housed in the provinces alone, the former close upon 9,000, and the latter fully 15,000 wounded soldiers. And these are the devoted men and women who ten years later were to be deprived of their schools, because, forsooth, in the estimation of such men as M. Paul Bert, *leur enseignement n'est pas assez français*. What precisely M. Paul Bert's ideas may be as to the duties of a loyal Frenchman, we will not stop to inquire, content, as we think our readers will be content, to abide by the opinion of a Prussian officer of rank, who, when a noble-hearted curé had obtained from him the pardon of a poor peasant condemned to be shot, by offering to die in his stead, turned to his staff and said : "If the hearts of all Frenchmen beat as true as this good priest's, you and I and the rest of us would not have long to stay on this side of the Rhine." In conclusion we can only say that whoever does himself the pleasure of perusing M. d'Avesne's work, will be tempted to echo the question so pointedly put, amidst general applause, some few years ago by M. Laboulaye in the National Assembly, *Est-ce que pendant la guerre nos prêtres ont été moins bons Français que les soldats ?*"

W. LOUGHNAN.

1794: *A Tale of the Terror.*

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

A SITTING OF THE CONVENTION.

LISE and Emilie, accompanied by Commandant La Raison, had left the house a little before two o'clock, directing their steps towards the Palais Nationale (the Tuileries), where the Convention was then sitting. They went thither on foot, for vehicles were then rare, and no one could venture to appear in the streets of Paris in a carriage or hackney coach, without running the risk of being suspected, insulted, stoned, or arrested.

Emilie, with the imperious and ardent instincts of a creole, and a spoiled child, was not an enthusiastic admirer of the *canaillante* democracy which reigned at that epoch. No doubt she appreciated to the full the liberty of speech and conduct which the Revolution granted to women, and the importance, in Parisian society, which it gave to the daughters of the wealthy *sans-culottes*. Emilie found herself in a position which was analogous to that of the royal princesses under the old *régime*. Nevertheless, even for her, daughter of a Jacobin and a Montagnard as she was, what privations and precautions were necessary!

For the present moment, she lost sight of all this, and was singing, in her heart, a hymn of praise to democracy, just because it had declared carriages to be "suspect," of aristocracy. For, as they had to walk, Emilie might lean on the arm of the Commandant. Lise fancied she leaned upon that arm a little more closely than was absolutely necessary; but the Little Nightingale was especially struck by the joyous light that continued to shine in the ordinarily moody eyes of her companion; she especially admired that charming tinge of pink which suffused the pale cheeks of her cousin, vanishing only to return again, as beautiful and as brief as before.

And the Commandant, was he aware of any of this feeling? Did he see the transient, recurrent blush? He was quietly attentive to his fair companion, but decidedly reserved; much to the surprise of Lise, who thought Emilie looking too beautiful for any one in the world to be regardless of her grace and charm. Lise walked by the side of Emilie. La Bussière had left the group, with a parting whisper to Lise, that she must not be surprised if she did not see him again for some time. Requin, the gallant scavenger, seeing Lise without an escort, and observing, with a grin and a wink, that the Citizeness Crassus had taken the arm of the young follower of Mars, offered his arm to the Citizeness Dubois-Joli. Warned by a sign from her virtuous father, Lise accepted this courtesy. Happily, however, the gallant scavenger was as greedy as he was gallant. As they were passing before the Section at the corner of the Croix-Rouge, he remembered that he had to go and "put the seals" on the effects of a rich wine merchant, in the Rue de la Chaise, near the Hospice des Teigneux. Thereupon he explained, again with a grin and a wink, that, as he had been obliged to neglect his own proper business in order to serve the country and the Section, he was bound to live somehow, and every one knew what putting the seals on meant, when a rich conspirator was in question. He then left Lise, but wanted to kiss her first. The girl shrank from him. La Raison said roughly, that they had no time to lose. Requin, furious that any one should even seem to wish to resist him, called Renaud, the bailiff to the Committee, to arrest the insolent soldier. It was Piget who came.

"This scoundrel of a Fayettist," cried Requin, "has the insolence to insult the Committee in my person. Quick with him to the jail of the Section; to-morrow he goes before Trinchard, at the popular Commission of the Museum; and the day after, vile Prætorian, you shall embrace Madame."¹

La Raison looked at the speaker with astonishment that wavered between anger and contempt. Piget came close up to the scavenger, and whispered to him:

"It is you who will look out of the little window, you idiot! If this citizen were a mere commandant, or even a general, it would not matter, and if he were a Conventional, or even a Montagnard, I might say to you—we will see about it. But he is the son of a Member of the Comité de Sûreté Générale."

¹ One of the many phrases in use to signify death by the guillotine.

He went away sniggering, while Requain rushed to the officer and clasped him in his arms, as he said in a conciliatory tone :

"Come, come, let us have no more of this. You understand perfectly, citizen Commandant, that, seeing you so well dressed, I could not believe in your civism. And then, you know, soldiers are the great danger for the Republic and the natural enemies of the democracy. That's all about it. How was I to know that you wanted both these pretty citizenesses at the same time? But I won't tease you—have your fling! Commend me to your venerable author. Ha! ha!"

La Raison passed on, astonished to see that neither of his companions had blushed at the words of the cynical Commissary. He had not yet learned that the Revolution had abolished delicacy, and that indecent utterances were flung to all the echoes, just as indecent and ignoble drawings covered all the walls. The two walked on, Emilie broke the silence by saying in a low tone :

"I do not yet know your name?"

The Commandant answered, with some hesitation :

"I am called La Raison."

"Ah, yes, but that name is for every one, on every lip. But the other, that which under the old *régime*, under the reign of prejudice and superstition was your baptismal name?"

"Bernard-Emile."

"Emile," she repeated, with a vivid blush, "you see!"

And this time it was impossible for the Commandant to mistake the meaning of her tone, and the look which accompanied her words. Lise observed the two with innocent curiosity, in which there was some uneasiness, and La Raison could not refrain from smiling at the startled glance of the Little Nightingale.

The three pedestrians soon reached the Tuileries, and found Domingo waiting for them at the door of the Salle des Archives, on the right of the Pavillon de l'Horloge; this door gave admittance to the Salle de Spectacle, in which the Convention held its sittings. The negro's countenance made Emilie laugh.

"You have seen the sorcerer?" said she.

Domingo rolled his white eyeballs round wildly, as he made an affirmative sign, then he said quickly :

"You late. Citizen Crassus want talk at the sitting, and want you admire he and him eloquence. Come quick, diplomatic gallery."

This was, indeed, the only one of those galleries which could contain several thousand spectators that was not invaded by the public. As France had been placed by the Revolution under the ban of humanity, and that the Corps Diplomatique accredited to the Government comprised only the Ministers from Geneva and the United States of America, the principal Montagnards and the Comités had this gallery at their disposal. Robespierre, whose presidency of fifteen days came to a conclusion, on this occasion, as it has been already said, had reserved three places for Eléonore Duplay and her two friends.

Here the Commandant left Lise and Emilie. He had to take his place in the wide passage that divided the amphitheatre in which the deputies sat in two. At the end of this passage, in the hall itself, exactly facing the seat of the President and the tribune, from which the orators spoke, was a barrier called "the bar," and behind this, petitioners, proposers of motions—in fact, all persons called before the Convention for whatever cause, had to remain until their turn to speak had come.

From the bar every part of the hall was distinctly visible. The heart of the young and enthusiastic soldier beat quickly when he entered the place which to him was venerable, and sacred, "the Temple of the Genius of the Country," and stood in the midst of that illustrious Areopagus which represented the revolutionary greatness, directed the destinies of France, and was the quintessence of the national sovereignty, infallible and divine. A senate, in his eyes, more powerful, more noble, more illustrious, more holy, than that Roman senate which the University had been teaching the generations to revere for centuries.

When he had reached the bar, and cast an eager yet pious glance around him, he turned pale. He was forced to lean against one of the benches ; it seemed to him as though he were pierced through, and his soul was about to escape. Large tears welled up beneath his eyelids, and he hid himself for a few moments behind a big man in a grey blouse, who was, like himself, awaiting *the honours of the sitting*.

And so, that was the Convention ! Those sixty personages with faces pervaded by gloom and fear who occupied the lower benches ; higher up, those twenty individuals, most of them in disorderly attire, wearing their hats, and with an aspect at once coarse and arrogant, who cast looks of disdain upon the sixty

colleagues scattered at their feet in the Plain ; this was the Convention, that was the Mountain ! The ragged, ill-smelling mob, swarming in the galleries, or walking about in the hall itself, filling the passages, and even seating themselves, both men and women (and oh ! what men and what women !) beside the deputies ; this howling, singing, swearing, insolent crowd, this then was the Convention ; this was the People !

He recovered himself quickly, for he perceived that Robespierre had, from the moment of his arrival, fixed his eyes upon him over the rims of those blue spectacles which did not avail to hide the uneasy, sharp, distrustful and inquisitorial expression of the look.

A member of the Convention named Veau was reading, in the name of the Comité des Dépêches, and to the great applause of the Citizens Vénard and Triboulat, his dear colleagues, a discourse to prove that an enslaved people needed romances, but that a free people only required to read the history of their own virtues. This was a noble phrase, in which the citizen orator evidently took great delight, for he repeated it several times, and, to prove his thesis, accompanied it with some little anecdotes of the worship rendered to Marat, and the virtuous hatred of fanaticism evinced by the communes of Montagne-sur-Loiry or Montagne-sur-Sorgnes. After he had, by the aid of these illustrious examples, shown how the recital of revolutionary virtues was destined to replace all literature, the same Veau (of Indre-et-Loire) announced, amid the combined applause of the same Vénard, of Seine-et-Oise, and the same Triboulat, of the Tarn, that the Citizen Crassus (who had not yet faced the ordeal of the tribune), had commissioned him to relate, in order amply to demonstrate the uselessness of romances, that Pierre Pichard, of Dourdan, had furnished a horse, and refused the indemnity ! That the Citizeness Lecocq, of Septeuil, had laid upon the altar of the country "jewels of which women make a stupid ornament." Also, that the Citizen Pasquier, at Rochet-des-Pins, had exchanged his new shoes for the old shoes of a carrier who was requisitioned for the victualling service ! And so this was the Convention !

La Raison was utterly confounded. He thought he must be in the midst of some strange masquerade in a theatre at a fair.

The bar was thrown open. The big man in the grey blouse entered. He was a miller's man, who did not know how to read or write, said the orator, and who had come to present to the

Convention a clock which he had made on the decimal system, and "for which nature had supplied him with all that was needful."

At last the Commandant was admitted. He was ushered to a place by the side of the President, and the applause that greeted his name, his title, and the announcement of his mission, cheered him up. He began to relate in a plain and unaffected style, and with simplicity which frequently called forth the enthusiasm of the audience, the history of the siege and the taking of Ypres.

Then the grotesque masquerade vanished. Every head was raised, every brow illumined. Old France, the martial, the chivalrous, awoke in those souls debased by the Terror. The speaker felt that all hearts were beating in unison with his own; fresh applause greeted every sentence, and when the colours taken from the enemy were brought, and he waved them, there arose a tumult of songs, shouts, and stamping which excited the brain of many of the wretched *sans-culottes* to actual heroism. Of course the incident had the touch of buffoonery with which the Revolution never could dispense under any circumstances. It was insisted upon that Domingo should be the bearer of the colours, upon the pretext that the *ci-devant* slave was a living symbol of the hatred of despotism.

On the termination of the speech of La Raison, Robespierre gave him the official *accolade*, and said to him in a whisper:

"Always continue to belong to the people, and the friends of the people, and you will do well. I have been thinking of your welfare, and I will make your fortune. Never forget this."

At the close of the sitting La Raison tried to get away unperceived, but at the door of the Convention he found Emilie, Lise, and an immense crowd. The ovation that had begun in the hall continued, but the clamour was greater, the songs were louder, and the hero of it all was almost stifled with the popular embraces. A band of citizens, drunk with civism, —La Raison recognized La Bussière at their head—seized him and carried him in triumph, until a group, in the midst of which was Robespierre, came by. Maximilian darted a sinister glance at the band, and fixed upon the Commandant a threatening look. Then he approached, and said in a loud voice:

"One would have to be a monster of ingratitude to forsake the cause of a people who knows so well how to recompense the very humble services that are rendered them, by those who owe

them their blood without any reward at all. Never forget, citizen officer, that the Tarpeian Rock is close to the Capitol. Enough of ovations, citizens. Let us not give room to the spies of Pitt, who are always about us, to say to the coalesced despots that we cannot recover from the surprise of having been victorious."

The crowd dispersed. La Bussière approached the Commandant. There was still in his eyes that look of excitement, the expression of a desperate resolution, which was so striking in its contrast to his habitually joyous aspect.

"We shall not meet again very soon, Citizen Commandant," said he in a low voice. "Don't forget that I have carried you in triumph. It is true that I particularly wanted Robespierre to see my face set in a frame of popular and patriotic faces. It is well to have it believed that one has friends among the *sans-culottes*. Of course you fully understood what the virtuous, feeling-hearted, and beneficent citizen has said to you. 'I am jealous of your triumph as I am of the triumph of every one besides myself. Take care of yourself, if ever you should wish to escape from my dominion.'"

La Bussière went away on seeing Lise and Emilie approaching. The latter was in the highest spirits. Eléonore Duplay thought the Commandant very handsome, wonderfully eloquent, and eminently calculated to captivate all hearts. The success that the Commandant had just achieved had put the finishing stroke to the ardent tenderness that had so soon succeeded to the keen sympathy from which she had from the first regarded him. The universal applause, by bringing her heart and her vanity into harmony, both being equally passionate, had transported her with delight.

She had forgotten the crowd which had gathered about the doors of the Convention, and now surrounded them. An unbounded admiration might be read in her looks, and the movement with which she approached La Raison and laid hold of his arm with joyous eagerness, reminded Lise of pictures she had seen of the Indians seizing their booty.

"Here we are at my home," said she, when they reached the Rue de Chartres. "Presently my dear father will say to you—you are at your own home."

La Raison, who was still bewildered by the noise of the applause he had received, and the excitement of the scene he had passed through, found it hard to recover his composure when to these were added the decided advances of Emilie. His ardent

but reflective disposition did not lead him to respond to them, and they confused him, as the triumphal acclamations with which he had been saluted confused him. He was immensely relieved by the sight of Paul Crassus, who was walking up and down before the door, and who saluted the young officer with bantering smiles, and accosted the pretty Lise with protestations of exaggerated admiration.

The Citizen Crassus was waiting for them in a cabinet adorned with the eternal portraits of Le Peletier and Marat, engravings representing Barra and Viala, the execution of the widow Capet, Liberty driving out Fanaticism with lighted torches, and lastly by a large frame inclosing the declaration of the Rights of Man. The centre of the mantel-shelf displayed a superb golden guillotine in the place of the *ci-devant* chimney-clock.

Like his daughter he was ardent and enthusiastic. But, in addition, he was very clever, for he contrived to be both a *sans-culotte* and a millionaire. In the latter character, he was not over-joyed at the prospect of having for his son-in-law a man whose sole estate consisted of a handsome face, a noble presence, a generous disposition, and a great future. But, although he did not lack resolution, he had not dared to resist Robespierre, when the latter had formally requested him to confer the hand of his daughter on Commandant la Raison.

Besides, he was the slave of the fair Emilie, and when his daughter told him that she wanted to make the fortune of a brave Republican whom she adored, he replied with a half-serious, half-comic grimace—

“You know well that I would let you marry Domingo, if it pleased you to do so.”

He was also, like all demagogues, a slave to public opinion, as well as a speculator in it, and while he well knew the baseness and instability of those who had greeted the Commandant with the recent acclamations, he had not escaped the infectious enthusiasm of the hour.

He therefore received La Raison with a strong feeling of repulsion, hidden under an appearance of cordiality. A long talk ensued. Paul related some absurd stories, and made many allusions to the laurels of Mars and the myrtles of Venus. The Commandant, while studiously polite and even gracious to Emilie, did not abandon his reserve, and uttered not one word from which it could be inferred that he presented himself in the

character of an aspirant to the hand of the daughter of the house. He came to see a man to whose daughter he had rendered a service. Emilie, who was entirely absorbed in gazing at him, and who hung on his words, did not appear to remark that there was anything of a bashful character in this reserve.

"Citizen Commandant," said Crassus, when La Raison rose to take leave, "you have done my beloved daughter and her dear cousin, Lise Dubois-Joli, an inestimable service. Gratitude is the virtue of Republicans. This house is yours. I must tell you that my beloved daughter deeply appreciated the service you did her, and—and the manner in which it was done, and as she is absolute mistress here, I think I may assure you that you will always be well received. A place at our table shall be made ready for you every day, and without just cause you shall not be permitted to absent yourself. Emilie promises herself the pleasure of doing the honours of the capital to you; and I see no objection to this. Liberty has dawned for everybody. The chains of all are broken, of women as well as negroes. We have rejected, as unworthy of a revolutionary nation, those prejudices of a fanatical, superstitious, aristocratic, and feudal morality which restrained young women like children, like beings of an inferior order, in the leading-strings of counter-revolutionary *convenances* and seigneurial *bon ton*. My daughter is free to go out with you as much as she pleases. If, however, in your visits to theatres, or the public gardens and galleries, she wishes to accept the company of her cousins, Lise and Paul, I hope that the brethren and friends will not on that account accuse me of advising my daughter to take precautions that are unworthy of a Republican, and of wishing to restore the modest manners of those good people who were always enemies of democracy."

Paul Crassus interposed at this point by declaring that the Commandant was engaged to dine with him at Venua's. Emilie begged her father not to insist upon keeping the Citizen Bernard-Emile to dinner. She was overwhelmed almost to fainting-point by the emotions of the day, and felt an imperative need of rest. The Commandant was therefore permitted to depart, having promised to come on the morrow and succeeding days to the Rue de Chartres.

When the two young men arrived at the famous restaurateur's, and entered the private *salon* which Venua reserved for sure patriots—for he did not want to be accused of favouring counter-revolutionists, and he already found it difficult to get himself

forgiven for the delicacy of his dishes—the young lieutenant of grenadier-gendarmes said, with his hearty schoolboy laugh :

“By the holy guillotine, ‘magningingon, magninging-ette,’ you did well to accept the invitation of Uncle Crassus, for Robespierre would have had it sent to you by Fouquier-Tinville. I don’t know why—I shall try to find it out—but he has taken it into his head, and this god of the Revolution is obstinate, that you shall be the happy husband of the fair Emilie. Liberty or Death!” And the wild merry fellow began to sing one of the least vile of the songs which were then in vogue.

CHAPTER II.

THE FIRST DECADE OF MESSIDOR.

THE earliest days of the first decade of Messidor passed away very quietly for those in whom we are interested.

La Raison, grave as his disposition might be, was yet too young to have lost all that love of adventure, all that bold and careless ardour against which the most reflecting find it hard to struggle in youth. He felt himself surrounded by an atmosphere of mystery. He was offered the hand of a young girl, who seemed to be a very charming and loveable person ; rather too impulsive, perhaps, but indisputably very handsome, one of the most elegant and most admired young citizenesses of the capital, and of whom a husband might well be proud ! Why should he not yield to the advantages of this very eligible opportunity ? It is true that he felt no real attraction towards or sympathy with this girl ; but why should he not make a close and impartial study of her for a few days ? He should always have sufficient strength to resist this Armida-like enchantress, sufficient honesty to say no word which could lead to the supposition that he meant to marry her ; and when he had become better acquainted with the disposition and real character of the fiery beauty, he would either ask her hand in marriage or leave her.

On the day after this first interview, Emilie, a little calmer now, said to herself that she must be more dignified in future, that she must assume the grave bearing which befits a wife, for, if she allowed her feelings to have such sway over her, she might lower herself in the eyes of her lover, and even injure her beauty, by dimming her eyes, and spoiling her complexion.

The young creole was right, but she lacked power to practise the reserve that she preached to herself. She did not possess that pure and gracious sense of feminine dignity which is called modesty. That quality had been classed by the Revolution among the hypocrisies of feudal slavery, and, like every other kind of delicacy of feeling, had been replaced by ostentation, strength, emphasis, and the excessive in all things. Emilie did, however, place some restriction upon the display of her feelings. La Raison, less surprised and perplexed, was not obliged to use so much vigilance and caution, and relaxed the stiffness of his first manner. He was not more lover-like, but he was more gallant; he gave more full and free expression to his thoughts and feelings; he allowed the sweet and sunny smile that made his face so attractive to brighten up his grave countenance more frequently, and as he talked without restraint, he exhibited intellectual qualities, combined with simple sincerity and enthusiasm, which excited the admiration of Emilie to the highest possible degree. It would indeed have been impossible for the Commandant to have escaped subjugation by a love so intense and devoted, but that the young Republican "had no such stuff in his thoughts." His mind was ever occupied, and profoundly troubled. All that he saw, all that he heard, agitated his brain and disturbed or shocked his intelligence. This was such an accursed time that a man, not only if he belonged to the class of the victims, but even in the very camp of the triumphant masters, could not love his betrothed in peace. Terror and anguish in the one case, excitement and fanaticism in the other, put all gentle and happy feelings to flight. The attitude of Emilie, her absorption in her love for the young officer, was a constant source of wonder to Lise, who began to understand the meaning of the verses which she read in the *Almanachs des Muses* and the *Chansonniers des Grâces*, and which had hitherto seemed to her so vapid and silly. She sang them now, and danced to the measure of the music, and every morning too, in her own garden, she sang, with quite a new delight, the old songs about the nightingale, to which she owed her pretty nickname.

The girls were perfectly happy as the first decade of Messidor went on. During the first seven days, or, as it was then said, from "primidi-seigle" (rye) to "septidi-concombre" (cucumber), the time passed in fêtes. La Raison, who was frequently joined by Paul Crassus, was hardly ever absent from

his protégés. He accompanied them to all the places of public resort at which it was the custom for the Jacobins, and the citizenesses, their daughters, to seek amusement. They took him to the Convention, to the assembly that was held every evening at the Hôtel de Ville, or to the Jacobins, and on the "quintidi," to the Section; to the Revolutionary Tribunal, to the meetings of the Popular Commission—this was a novel recreation—or to see the procession of the tumbrils, in which the enemies of the people were taken to the guillotine at five o'clock.

La Raison never detected the least sign of commiseration in the faces of his fair companions, at the sight of the young girls, or the venerable matrons, the poor peasants, the infirm and crippled creatures, the aged men, whom a jury, well known by all Paris to be ignoble wretches, condemned to death on the mere calling of their names, with evident injustice and revolting violence. Lise and Emilie appeared to regard the death-tumbrils with as little emotion as the performances of the citizen Franconi, at the Hippodrome in the Faubourg du Temple, whither they repaired at half-past five when all the "condemned" had passed by.

They were equally undisturbed, when, in the gallery either of the great Club or of the Municipality, they sat in a stifling atmosphere, reeking with the most sickening odours, and listened to indecent songs and hideous exclamations, side by side with women of the most depraved class, and the lowest and coarsest of the *sans-culottes*. While the Jacobins, or the members of the Commune propounded the grossest and most grotesquely tyrannical absurdities couched in the most brutal language, while the young officer, notwithstanding his patriotic ardour writhed with shame and humiliation, they listened patiently and unmoved. Never once, notwithstanding the causticity which Emilie displayed in many of her opinions, and the exceptional liberty she claimed to enjoy as the friend of the Duplay family and the daughter of a Montagnard; never once, notwithstanding the giddy levity of the lieutenant of grenadier-gendarme, had the Commandant heard either Emilie or Paul Crassus make fun of the most absurd exhibitions of the Sovereign People. Neither had Lise, despite the sweetness and the sensibility which were her strongest characteristics, ever uttered one word of protest against the most brutal of these manifestations.

La Raison asked himself what was that stultifying power which took away vivacity from the mind, benevolence from the soul, good sense from the brain, and even their sensitiveness from the organs. When a voice from the depths of his consciousness strove to answer him: "This brutalizing potency is the Revolution," he would not listen, he refused to reflect. He thought he must be going mad, and he was indignant at the blasphemy against his idol. When he came out of these pestiferous places, away from these cruel spectacles, he could not force himself to feel happy, and the theatres offended his taste and irritated his mind, which was speeding on its way of critical observation. The Opéra-Comique gave him *L'Homme Vertueux*, this was a puppet-show; the Théâtre de la République gave *Les Mœurs de l'Ancien Régime*, by a suburban publican; the Théâtre-Lyrique gave him *La Matinée républicaine*; the Vaudeville, *La Nourrice républicaine*; the theatre in the Rue Feydeau, *La Papesse Jeanne*; the theatres of the Cité, *L'Epoux républicain*; in one place he saw *Les Vrais Sans-Culottes*, in another, *Les Capucins aux frontières*. And it was all low, false, sickening, tiresome. La Raison asked himself what had become of the art, the history, and the wit of France.

Happily, the Revolution had not suppressed the sunshine and the fresh air for everybody; and it still permitted certain of its favourites to go and come within a given space. One afternoon which La Raison passed at the Près Saint Gervais, and a visit to the Porcherous, considerably refreshed his troubled spirit.

Emilie, who was entirely absorbed in her own feelings, was charmed with all that was so repugnant to the Commandant. In the smoky and reeking galleries she saw him only, in the ridiculous plays she heard him only. Everything was food for the passion which filled her soul, anything was welcome which gave her an opportunity of exchanging a look, or a smile with its object.

La Raison, troubled by his own disturbed thoughts, was less and less attracted by the charm of this feverish and exaggerated nature. It was not long before he succumbed to his perplexed mood. When the end of the decade arrived, it found him dull and gloomy.

On "octidi" he failed to appear at the rendezvous which had been given him, and he sent an apology. On receiving this

message Emilie turned so pale that Paul, who was with her, and also awaiting the arrival of the young officer, was quite alarmed.

"Where are you going, my fair cousin?" he asked, as she moved towards the door.

"I am going to find out what is the matter with him," she said, hoarsely, "I am sure he is ill."

Paul fixed his bright eyes, softened with compassion, upon her.

"You do not know where he is. You will not find him. He is not ill. Listen to me, dear cousin. I am a giddy pate,—everybody knows that, but I love you like a brother, and I see things as they are. This man does not love you."

She bounded towards Paul and cried, while her eyes glittered with fury:

"Begone, you are a fool and a wretch! Begone, if you would not have me kill you. You do not know what you say. Begone, without another word!"

Paul, genuinely frightened, withdrew. But the arrow had hit the mark. Emilie shut herself up in her room, and remained there, brooding and thoughtful, for several hours. At length a smile illumined her face.

"He does not love me enough, that is true," thought she, "but it is because he does not know how much I love him. My curse upon all those pretences of the old days of fanaticism which have withheld me until now. Was it not those priests whose wickedness my father, Robespierre, and all the most zealous patriots have proved, and whose rule they have overthrown, that preached—what was it? Modesty, reserve, the *convenances*. Is not all that kind of thing contrary to Republican simplicity? Is it not reiterated everywhere, at the Jacobins, at the Convention, in all the newspapers, at all the theatres, that it is nature which has taken the place of the infamous hypocrisy of religions? He, who is a good and staunch Republican, hesitates to love me because he believes me to be still under the dominion of those vain prejudices of the old *régime*. Ah, well, I shall soon show him how much I love him."

The poor girl, with her passionate and headstrong nature, and her brain bewildered by the ceaseless proclamation in her ears, of every sort of monstrosity for five whole years, could think of no other cause than this to which the coldness of the Commandant was to be assigned. She no longer knew what dignity

was, she could no longer believe in virtue. She was persuaded, by the materialistic theories of triumphant Jacobinism, that a noble love may be won by an ignoble weakness.

She wrote a short note, and sent it by Domingo to the lodgings of the Commandant in the Rue de Sèvres. In this she begged La Raison to come to the Rue de Chartres on the following day "nonidi." He would find her alone at two o'clock. She assured him that she had taken every precaution to secure a long and uninterrupted conversation with him.

This note conveyed a sense of relief to La Raison; for it seemed to offer him a way out of the entanglement into which his thoughts had led him. If Emilie wanted to speak to him, it was because all had not been said; if all had not been said, he was not bound to her; then why should he torment himself with the prospect of having for his wife a woman whose undisciplined nature had been set free from all restraint by—he did not say the word, his thought arrested itself suddenly, and his cheek reddened at the idea that he had been on the brink of acknowledging that it was the Revolution which had corrupted the intelligence and the principles of the fair Emilie. That divinity which was turning into diabolism, that worship which was giving way to doubt and blasphemy; that Revolution which he had hitherto loved, and which, with its sounding words, liberty, country, and fraternity, had constituted all the religion of his youth, that Revolution which he had adored as the representative of human honour and dignity, and which was itself represented by what was most vile in France; all this series of thoughts and observations that he had been making for a week past—this was the source of his trouble. Ah, well! was he betrothed to the democracy any more than to Emilie Crassus? Because he had given to the one some years of his youth, to the other some hours of courteous attention, was he their slave for evermore!

Besides, now that he was free as regarded Emilie, he might go and talk unrestrainedly with his respectable neighbour, Dubois-Joli, one of the fathers, one of the doctors of the Revolution, a man of great knowledge and virtue, one of those who did honour to the democracy, and was revered in return. The next day he would go and confer with him, and he would impart to him all his doubts and misgivings, as a neophyte confides his troubles to the high priest of his religion.

He raised his eyes, brightened by a thought hidden behind all those that had so shaken him, a vague hope of a *tête-à-tête*,

not with Emilie, but with Lise. He had quite forgotten Domingo, who was looking about him with impudent curiosity.

"That will do, Citizen Gendarme," said La Raison, "you will say if you please that it is all right."

He did not wish to write, because he feared he might not be able to find a formula which would be sufficiently polite and yet not too tender. The negro did not go away, but stamped his foot with sudden and very comical anger.

"This nigger want to know who this house belong to?"

"To Madelon Salomon, my nurse, whom you saw as you came in."

"That not possible, Citizen Commandant, you know old Madelon not rich enough to buy fine house and big garden with it. You want to mock poor nig; but I no more poor nig, I Republican, and I must know who owns this house."

"Leave that matter alone, my friend," said La Raison with a grave smile, "and do not meddle with the business of other people; you might find them stronger than you."

"Stronger than *me*!" cried Domingo, with redoubled wrath: "Not stronger than me! me friend of good nigger republican Nicholas, he friend of Citizen Monsieur de Robespierre, the master of the masters; me stronger than all. Pif, paf, kill all, hang all, flog all. Sorcerer La Bussière stronger than me, but I play him a trick if I can. He does not know he watched already."

He then went off, grumbling and threatening. When he had gained the street, he turned, and shook his fist at the Commandant's house.

"And you, you don't know that *you* watched! Domingo know that go every night to the Comité de Sûreté. You, virtuous Dubois, don't know that *you* watched (he shook his fist at the house of the magistrate). Monsieur Citizen de Robespierre watches everybody. Republican stronger than all.

CHAPTER III.

A VISIT TO THE COMITE DU SALUT PUBLIC.

THE last words uttered by the negro had struck La Raison. He was, perhaps, all the better disposed towards La Bussière that he intended to see Lise on the morrow. He decided on going to the Pavillon de Flore, or, as it was now styled, "de l'Egalité."

He entered by the great gate on the left, which had formerly been known as the "Porte des Princes," and at the beginning of the Revolution, up to the 10th of August, was designated "Porte des Appartements de la Reine," because it opened upon the court of that name. This gate was now defended like the entrance to a fortress, by guns, and guarded by sectionaries, grenadiers of the Convention, and gunners of the National Guard. The Commandant gained admission by pleading his friendship with Lieutenant Paul Crassus, and having ascended the fine staircase "des Princes," paused at the great vestibule whence that staircase re-descended on the other side of the palace towards the garden. Several ushers, in dog-skin caps, were seated on a large coffer in this vestibule.

La Raison approached them, undeterred by their sullen aspect, and seeing that each had a badge attached to his button-hole, on which was inscribed *Comité de Salut Public*, he asked them where he should be likely to find Citizen La Bussière. One of the men answered, after he had cast a dark and questioning glance upon him, by pointing silently to a small staircase that led to the second floor.

La Raison went up, and saw a great door on which was inscribed, *Police Générale*. Here he renewed his question to another usher, who after looking at him in a similarly harsh and suspicious manner, said in a surly voice:

"Go through there to the 'Bureau des détenus'; there are four of them, the Registry is in the middle. Be quick, and make no noise, for the eminently virtuous and feeling-hearted citizen, the august representative, Robespierre, comes here every day, and he is at work at this moment in his own office, next to the 'Bureau des Dénonciations.'"

La Raison soon came to a door on which a placard was pasted, bearing a list of names, among them was that of La Bussière. Charles was alone in a small room which had formerly been the ante-chamber to the apartment of Madame Elizabeth's ladies, and into which opened several doors that were now closed. Hearing some one come in, La Bussière turned quickly round. La Raison was surprised and sorry to see that his face still wore that sombre expression which had struck him so much, in a man who had been represented to him as the very type of wild gaiety and thoughtless impulse, as one of the most boisterous and foolish of that class of "mystifiers" and practical

jokers whom the first extravagances of the Revolution had called into being. Now, and for the previous ten days, that dark expression had been mingled with disquiet; and in the large, well-opened eyes of the young man there was the hardness of one who has formed a desperate resolution. Charles rose, on recognizing the Commandant, and gave him, with much warmth, the customary embrace, for the English custom of shaking hands had hardly yet made its way into French uses. Bernard shrank a little from the cordiality of La Bussière; his conscience was not perfectly easy with regard to the affianced lover of Lise.

"I am always glad to see you, Citizen Commandant," said Charles in a loud tone. "How have you been since I saw you walking in the Jardin Egalité, near the Lycée-des-Arts, with the fair citizens Eléonore Duplay and Emilie Crassus?"

A mocking smile, a faint reflection of his former jollity crossed his face. He made a queer grimace, and applied his eye to the keyhole of one of the four closed doors.

"Nobody there," he said, rising from his stooping posture; "we are free. On that side"—he pointed to the other three doors—"there's nothing to fear. They are, like myself, honest men and slaves. But Thuillier, the friend and agent of Saint Just, often comes to this office; and when he does not come he sends one of his creatures to spy upon us. I am glad to see your frank and open face. From the first moment that I saw you, I knew it did not conceal the soul of a traitor and denouncer, although one may often be deceived, and the plainest result of all this is to have made each Frenchman the executioner of his neighbours, his friends, nay, even his kinsmen. After all, let what will happen," he continued, and again the dark look stole over his face, "I have made the sacrifice of my life. I shall strive to the end" (he shook his fist at Thuillier's door), "but I cannot always resist uttering some of the truths that choke me. Ah, the vile scoundrels! This is the place to see what they really are."

He struck his clenched hand on his desk.

"You may speak out to me quite freely, Citizen La Bussière," said La Raison, gravely. "I came to Paris with the fierce faith of a neophyte, but since I have been here, I observe, I listen, and I form conclusions with the manly clear-sightedness of an intelligent being."

"Ah, you are now at the critical period. We have all gone

through the same—the enthusiasm of '89, the doubt of '93, and the cowardice, mingled with despairing indignation, of '94."

While he spoke thus under his breath, he went, to the great surprise of La Raison, to the entrance, and all the other doors. Then he came quite close to the Commandant, and said, very low:

"There is no danger, but it is best, for the sake of the dear Little Nightingale, to take every possible precaution. Do not say one word to me about her or her father. I may risk my life and yours, but not hers. Sit there, so that you may be able to keep your eyes on the door of that room, and speak in the tone I am now using, that is, so as not to be overheard, and yet not to appear to want to make a mystery of our conversation. I have opened all the doors. When we are alone we may keep them shut, but if any one comes, we are ordered to open them, if we do not want to be accused of conspiring."

"But no slaves are forced to adopt such ruses and precautions as these."

"Ha! and yet this is the one place in France in which a little liberty still exists. Do let us have a chat, I entreat you. My head is stuffed, my mind seems to be numbed in the midst of this hideous silence. There are moments when I contemplate purchasing at the cost of my life the infinite happiness of going to one of the lemonade shops in the Jardin-Egalité, standing up on a chair, and spouting for one quarter of an hour, all the truth out of the fulness of my heart. Let us chat, will you? You can afterwards tell me what it is that has brought you to see me."

La Raison nodded, but he still fixed his kindly half-smile upon his companion.

"There really is, as I have told you, little or no danger here. Yes, this is the place of refuge from certificates of civism, denunciations, suspicions, from the tyranny of the *sans-culottes*, who now-a-days rule the destinies of France. For you see, Commandant, these good people have more appetite than stomach, they are as imbecile as they are ferocious, as ignorant as they are grotesque. Cambon said quite truly that they very well knew how to make money on the Place de la Revolution. Saint-Just and Robespierre had no trouble in persuading them that it was the duty of the Revolution to assassinate a rich man, since it confiscates his goods for the benefit of patriotism and the *sans-culottes*. But all their wisdom comes to an end there;

in the cutting off heads, pulling down monuments, cursing enemies, and pillaging neighbours. This is not enough for the working of a great machine like the Government of France. Do you know what is happening? The political administrations are full of suspects, of nobles. There are *six thousand*, recognized as such, who have received *lettres de passe*, that is, permits to remain in Paris. These are employed in all the Ministries, or Committees and Commissions which fill the place of Ministries. You may see in your mind's eye the impotent rage of those brutes in the Revolutionary Committees, of those dunces of Jacobins."

The Commandant could not restrain a gesture of dissent from this profane utterance.

"Never mind, let me speak. But this is necessary, indispensable; men who can read and write must be had in the offices where things have to be read and written. Stay, would you like to witness a spectacle eminently calculated to rejoice a revolutionary soul? Come to the gates of the Palais National at about nine o'clock in the morning; you will see several persons walking in as if it were their own house, but escorted by gendarmes, like thieves. Citizen Cambon, who directs the finances of France, has under him two chief agents, who are the lieutenants-general of the Finances. One of them is Citizen Lhermina; you will see him arrive every morning in a blouse, a red cap, and wooden shoes; he is a "pure." The other is Citizen Turpin, Agent-General of the Treasury—he is an aristocrat, and has a gendarme with him day and night, who conducts him to his Ministry, and takes him back again. That is how one is in safety, under the eye of a gendarme; for if we are almost all Turpins, we all have our Lhermina. Ah! don't forget, at the first sound you hear in that room at the side there, that you are come to tell me—and be sure to 'citoyen' me—what marvels the patriotism of the representative Saint-Just have done for the army! And now I am at your orders, if it be any service that you do me the honour to ask of me, after that which you rendered me, and whose importance I hope one day to be able to make you understand."

"Well, then," said Bernard, with one of those sweet and irresistible smiles which occasionally lighted up his grave face, "I shall have such need of your friendship some day that what I did will not nearly have deserved it. But at present I am come to do you a fresh service. I am come," here his voice sank low, "to warn you that you are watched."

Charles turned very red.

"I did not think I was watched," he muttered, in an altered voice, and then he let his head drop upon his hands. When he raised it there were tears in his eyes, but he forced himself to smile as he said :

"Well, well, this is the moment to display one's heroism. Darling Little Nightingale! I thank you, Commandant. I don't ask you how you have learned this ; I can guess. But no matter ; let us say no more about it. I shall work double tides until the moment when the blow fails. Let it all be. I saw you look round you when you came in here, and I concluded that you are a curious man. Am I not a marvel of logic ? I saw that you wanted to know what I was doing. I will tell you. My rôle is that of a spider ; I sit in the centre of the web which is spun by all the citizens in the adjacent offices. Each of these offices receives the orders of the Cabinet de Police, which Robespierre and Saint-Just have established here at the Comité de Salut Public. They send us the denunciations, then, they go into the bureau of our Lhermina, who, when Robespierre considers them sufficiently convicting, or that the denounced person happened to be inconvenient to him in any way, sends out the warrants of arrest, which are signed by Maximilian in the first instance, and afterwards by two other members of the Comité de Salut Public : they sign without reading them, and on the responsibility of the first signatory. Afterwards the papers of the *détenus* come into these offices, and are classified. It is then that they pass under my eyes, for I am the official charged to register them. I transmit them to Trinchard, the carpenter, or to the hump-backed weaver, Subleyras, or to the journeyman-gardener, Guinnaud. The two first are the Presidents, and the third is the Secretary of the Popular Commission now sitting at the Louvre, and charged with the revision of all the accusations before they are transmitted to Fouquier-Tinville."

"But," said the Commandant, smiling, "it seems to me that you are an invaluable person to have as a friend, and that you must have it in your power to save many a head from the knife, by simply withholding the papers from the Popular Commission."

La Bussière looked steadily at the Commandant and shook his head.

"If ever you learn," said he, "that I am in the Conciergerie; try to obtain permission to see me from the Comité du Sûreté

Générale. I will reveal some mysteries to you. But, hush! Here is the friend of Saint-Just and our Lhermina. Ah! Citizen Thuillier," he continued, addressing the new-comer, "how much I regret that you were not here a little sooner. This brave Commandant La Raison has been relating to me, while tears of emotion flood my eyes, with what energy the great Citizen Saint-Just, your friend and my director, has brought those aristocrat generals, who had not yet learned to appreciate the genius of the Revolution, to good behaviour."

"Ah," said Thuillier, sourly, "this is Commandant La Raison."

He fixed a gloomy and harsh gaze upon the officer for a few moments, and passed on without speaking.

La Raison rose. La Bussière conducted him to the end of the corridor, and having looked cautiously around to make sure that he was not overheard, he said :

"I have not yet seen your name in the denunciations, Citizen Commandant, but, for that matter Citizen Thuillier keeps them pretty safely. However, I know the looks of the individual in question, and I could swear that he has heard a good deal of talk about you, that you are 'suspect' by him, and that he has his bloodhounds on your track. Defend yourself. As for me, I shall not even try to do so. It is not for myself that I regret life; but I have protégés. What will become of them? Ah! bah! Do you believe in the Supreme Being?"

"Firmly and devoutly," replied the Commandant, with the austere which his countenance assumed every time that conversation turned upon patriotism, philosophy, and religion.

"Indeed! I find it very hard to do so. Imagine that it is I who invented those petty nicknames, Gilles César for La Fayette, and Cornélie Copeau for Eleonore Duplay.¹ Well, Mirabeau got credit for the first, and Dubois-Crancé for the second. And, after that, you would have me believe in Divine Justice?"

He turned away abruptly, and hurried back to his office, leaving La Raison, not a little confounded, to make his way out of the Pavillon de Flore.

When Charles had resumed his place at his desk, he applied himself to writing a letter, and presently he called Pierre, his office messenger, and desired him to take it to the "little post."

¹ *Copeau* means wood-shaving. *Duplay* was a cabinet-maker. The wit of the sobriquet is not brilliant.

This "little post" had been in existence for some fifty years; but during the Revolution it was used only for missives which were absolutely unimportant. Letters were opened with the utmost effrontery; there were even special officials appointed to read every note addressed to a "suspect" person, every missive having an equivocal appearance, or coming from an individual whose civism was not of the burning kind. La Bussière knew that Pierre, a very honest fellow, but a good *sans-culotte*, would begin by taking the letter to the office of Guérin, head-spy to Robespierre.

Very soon afterwards he walked away from his office, humming a patriotic air, and repaired to Mareux's, in the Faubourg Antoine, to see a rehearsal of *Les Contre-révolutionnaires jugés par eux-mêmes*, a comedy in three acts, written by citizen Dorbo, and in which he was to act that same evening.

English Relics.

IV.—QUEEN MARY'S HOLY THORN.

M. ROHAULT DE FLEURY gives as the frontispiece to his *Mémoire sur les Instruments de la Passion* a very striking sketch of the Head of our Lord covered with Thorns. It differs in the form given to the Thorny Crown from perhaps every *Ecce Homo* that has been painted. Painters have generally, if not universally, painted the Crown of Thorns as a band passing round the Sacred Head of our Lord, consisting of a few twigs covered with thorns platted or twisted together. The Crown of Thorns, as represented by M. de Fleury, consists of a band of rushes tied together at intervals, which band holds in their place many twigs of thorny wood, covering the whole Head and presenting almost the appearance of an imperial diadem. M. de Fleury adopts this form for the Crown of Thorns in consequence of his examination of the famous relic in Paris, in which singularly enough there is not now a single thorn. It is entirely composed of rushes, bound together at intervals by rushes, forming a large circle. The circle is indeed so large that, as it now is, it would pass over the head altogether and rest on the shoulders, the interior diameter of the circle or band being 210 millimetres, or $8\frac{1}{2}$ inches. The section of the band is 15 millimetres in diameter, or a little more than half an inch, and there are some 15 or 16 ties of rushes twisted round the band to keep it together.

On these two facts, that it is a band of rushes and not of thorns, and that it is so surprisingly large a circle, M. de Fleury very reasonably founds an argument for the genuineness of the relic. An impostor, who proposed to himself to forge an imitation of the venerable Crown of Thorns, would certainly have followed the popular conception, and would not have adopted a form so different from that which would be naturally expected. From the authenticity of the Paris relic, the form of the actual Crown of Thorns necessarily follows. It must have been, as M. de Fleury draws it, a cap covering the

whole head: And it is a comfort to find that the idea, though not wide spread, is not novel. Benedict XIV., in his well known book¹ on the Feasts of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, says: "Of its form there can no longer be any doubt, as eye-witnesses" (by which he means those who have seen and examined the relic at Paris) "say that it is formed not in the shape of a band encompassing the temples and forehead, but like a cap which covers the skull and the upper part of the head."

The original reliquary made for the Crown of Thorns was worthy, if not of the priceless relic itself, at least of the loving and devout soul that made it. St. Louis built the Sainte Chapelle to receive this precious treasure. On it he spent 40,000 livres, and it was seven years in building, from 1241 to 1248. In this architectural gem the relic remained in honour till the time of the French Revolution. It is now in the treasury of the Cathedral of Notre Dame, and the history of the relic may be learnt from the inscriptions on the present reliquary.

On the first face the inscription is :

The holy Crown of our Lord, taken by Baldwin at the conquest of Constantinople in 1204, pledged to the Venetians in 1238, was received with great piety by St. Louis at Villeneuve, near Sens, on the 10th of August, 1239.

On the second face :

Transferred from the Sainte Chapelle to the Abbey of St. Denys in France, by order of Louis XVI. in 1791, brought back to Paris in 1793, despoiled at the Hôtel des Monnaies and taken to the Bibliothèque Nationale in 1794, it was at last restored to the Church of Notre Dame, by order of the Government, the 26th of October, 1804.

On the third face :

Recognized the 15th of October, 1805, by P. Dienzi and C. N. Warenflot, Vicar-General of Coutances, who were charged in 1791 to take a portion from it for Port Royal, it was solemnly transferred to the Church of Notre Dame by J. B. Cardinal de Belloy, Archbishop of Paris, the 10th of August, 1806.

Though there are no thorns with the band now at Notre Dame, it is well known that St. Louis had several thorns in his possession, as various gifts of thorns were made by him, and others have been since his time taken from the Sainte Chapelle for different churches. In the treasury of St. Mark's at Venice there are two thorns, given by St. Louis to the

¹ Prosperi Card. Lambertini, postea Benedicti XIV., *De Festis*, p. i. n. 255.

Republic, in their original reliquary of silver gilt, covered with the fleur de lis of St. Louis. The largest relics in the world of the Thorns of the Crown are at Pisa and Trèves,² neither of them however coming from St. Louis. It is interesting to see in M. de Fleury's engravings how closely these two splendid relics resemble one another. Both are twigs, apparently of a *Ziziphus*, or jujube tree, each with a straight and some shorter and bent thorns. A similar relic with three thorns, two of which are bent, is preserved at Wevelghem, in the diocese of Bruges, where a charming little angel of silver gilt kneeling upholds the twig of thorns. The relic at Trèves was the gift of St. Helen. That at Pisa was enshrined in a lovely reliquary which was placed in the not less lovely chapel of Santa Maria della Spina, which was built in the thirteenth century to receive it. The relic at Pisa had originally six thorns. It has now only two; a third, which was taken from it, is in the Duomo. The relic at Pisa is more than 3 inches long, that at Trèves about $4\frac{1}{4}$ inches.

From the description of the manner in which the Crown of Thorns was made, it is clear that the number of thorns must have been very considerable. M. de Fleury has examined or has received trustworthy information respecting 103 existing relics, of which 19 belong to Rome; 27 more are mentioned as having existed before the French Revolution; and he mentions 17 others, respecting which his information is doubtful. Of these many relics not a few are but portions of thorns, and thus it comes, owing to a division of the relic, the history of which I must now proceed to give, that it may be said that it has and has not been recorded by M. de Fleury. He speaks of one part of it as if it were the whole, and Stonyhurst possesses one part and was long under the impression that it was the whole.

The precious relic of the holy Crown at Stonyhurst is contained in a graceful little reliquary of gold, enamelled in various colours, and there is accompanying it a paper giving its history, with three endorsements by various Bishops permitting the public veneration of the relic.

The history of the relic is this. It belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. How it came into her hands is not stated. M. de Fleury speaks of the portion he was acquainted with, "que

² As these lines go through the press, I have had the pleasure of learning from the Lady Abbess of St. Mary's Abbey, Stanbrook, that the relic of the Holy Thorn preserved there is hardly second in size to the great relics at Pisa and Trèves. I hope before long to be able to place some account of this relic also before my readers.

ses ancêtres lui avaient léguée," and that "la famille royale d'Ecosse possédait une épine qu'on croyait venir de Saint Louis." But in this he is only guessing. In point of fact the widow of Francis the Second of France brought the relic with her to Scotland from Paris, and it was not therefore a royal Scottish heirloom. Father John Gerard expressly says that Queen Mary brought it with her "from France, where the whole Crown is kept." Mary gave it to Thomas Percy, Earl of Northumberland, whose martyrdom preceded her own by fifteen years. The Stonyhurst document says Henry Percy, who was the brother and successor of Thomas, which Henry was likewise a martyr, having been shot in his bed in the Tower of London in July, 1585. In this however the writer of the document is mistaken, and he has gone beyond the information he himself received from the inscription on the reliquary, which simply told him that "Mary the martyred Queen of Scotland" had given it to "the martyred Earl of Northumberland." This must have been Earl Thomas who was beheaded at York in 1572, for the same inscription says that "at his death he sent it to his daughter Elizabeth, who gave it to the Society." Now this daughter Elizabeth was the Lady Elizabeth, the wife of Richard Woodroff, one of Father John Gerard's staunchest friends. Another of Father Gerard's best friends is mentioned in the inscription, and it was at her expense that the reliquary was made. The heroic Jane Wiseman, one of the noblest confessors of the Catholic religion in those times, paid the cost of the making of the charming little reliquary, which must have been made by some Catholic goldsmith, probably in London.

Father Gerard left this note respecting it in his autobiography:³

At this time I had given me some very fine relics, which my friends set for me very richly. Among them was an entire Thorn of the holy Crown of our Lord, which the Queen of Scots had brought with her from France (where the whole Crown is kept) and had given to the Earl of Northumberland, who was afterwards martyred. He always used to carry it in a golden cross about his neck as long as he lived, and at his death made it over to his daughter, who gave it to me. It was enclosed in a golden case set with pearls: and it is now in the hands of my Superior, along with [some other relics that he describes].

In the Stonyhurst reliquary there is the string of about fifty small pearls, of which Father Gerard speaks. And, still further

³ *Life of Father John Gerard S.J.*, third edition, p. 124. London: Burns and Oates, 1881.

to confirm the impression that this was the only relic existing that claimed to have come down from Mary Queen of Scots, and to be that of which Father Gerard wrote in the singular number, the Stonyhurst document gives as the source of its own information the very words of the inscription, which it said⁴ was engraved "on a base or foot of the reliquary, which is made of pure gold." This inscription no one had seen, and the belief was recorded on the document that this "gold base" had disappeared. In truth, however, the inscription is engraved under the foot of the reliquary, and cannot be seen unless the reliquary be lifted up. This was not known, because the pretty little reliquary itself was inclosed in a wooden box with glass sides, so that it could not be touched.

With such information as the paper at Stonyhurst could give I had occasion some years ago to visit Bruges. I there met a well-known antiquarian, Mr. W. H. James Weale,⁵ who happened to ask me whether I had seen the holy Thorn that had belonged to Mary Queen of Scots. "Yes," I said, "we have it at Stonyhurst." "No," he replied, "it is over here in Belgium." "But I have seen it at Stonyhurst," I answered. "And I," he rejoined, "have seen it myself at Ghent, and I have read and copied the inscription which is engraved on the reliquary." And then he was good enough to show me the Catalogue of an Exhibition of Ecclesiastical treasures with which he had been officially concerned, and there was the inscription printed in full, corresponding word for word with that with which the Stonyhurst paper had made me familiar. I could only think that the "gold base" had found its way to Ghent, and was doing duty as support to some similar relic.

Before long I was enabled to visit Ghent, and there in the Parish Church of St. Michael, to which Mr. Weale had directed me, I had the pleasure of seeing the holy Thorn. Its reliquary was the very counterpart of ours at Stonyhurst, the same precious material, the same graceful form, the same enamelling,

⁴ *In una basi sive pede thecæ qua includitur, quæ puro constat auro, hæc verba insculpta leguntur:* Hæc spina de Corona Domini sancta, fuit primo Mariæ Reginae Scotiæ Martyris, et ab ea data Comiti Northumbriæ martyri, qui in morte misit illam filiæ suæ Elizabethæ, quæ dedit Societati; hancque J. Wis. ornavit auro.

⁵ Mr. Weale at the same time told me that there is at Lede a monstrelance adorned with statuettes of St. Edward the Confessor and St. Thomas of Canterbury, on which there is the following inscription engraved: "Sacram hanc pixidem pro expositione augustissimi Sacramenti ex Angliâ in Artesiam tempore Reginae Elizabethæ translata, primæ Beatissimæ Virginis Matris Sodalitati post Angliæ conversionem Londini erigendæ dono dedit P. J. Clare, A.D. 1691."

the same colours, the same emblems. But there was no other "gold base" than the foot of the reliquary itself, under which the inscription relating its history was engraved. The parish priest was so kind as to let me see the authentication belonging to it, and thus I learnt that it had been religiously kept "in the Provincial's room in London"—*in Provincialis cubiculo Londini*—and that Father Clerk, the Provincial of the English Jesuits, had in January, 1666, brought it over to Watten, that it might receive greater honour than was possible in England. Singularly enough, Father Clerk seems never to have seen the inscription under the foot of the reliquary. He could only say that he firmly believed it to be one of the Thorns of our Saviour's Crown, and that as such it had been kept and honoured by his predecessors. Of Mary Queen of Scots there was no word in this authentication, though the inscription was there to speak for itself.

The only solution of the mystery of the double relic was that brave Jane Wiseman had had two reliquaries made at the same time, exactly alike, and had caused the same inscription to be engraved on both. The inscription will have been written for her, we may be sure, by Father John Gerard, and he no doubt wrote her name at full length, but the saintly widow in her humility ran her pen through most of the letters of it in the draft she sent to the engraver. The venerable relic was then divided into two, each part verifying the words of the inscription, and Father Gerard, writing some twenty years later, forgot that it had been divided at all.

In one point only was there any difference between the two treasures, that in the Stonyhurst reliquary, and in that only, was the string of pearls spoken of in his narrative by Father John Gerard as accompanying the relic. As soon as I saw the reliquary at Ghent, I was convinced that the same inscription would be found under the foot of the reliquary at Stonyhurst also, and I had subsequently an opportunity for verifying this, for Father Purbrick, then Rector of the College, permitted me to take the reliquary out of its comparatively modern wooden case; and there, sure enough, it was.

I have been minute in my account of this relic, the duality of which was entirely unsuspected, as it was never placed on record even by the men who knew the whole history personally; and I have thought it well to be thus minute, because it seems to me to teach us caution in judging that there must necessarily be imposture or error, when two apparently incompatible claims

are made. Cardinal Wiseman illustrated this need of cautious judgment in such cases, by some interesting examples in a paper read by him before the Academia the year before his death.

We do not know whether the Ghent and Stonyhurst relics of the holy Thorn were together in England, but they were sent abroad about the same time, and they remained for a century within a few miles of one another in French Flanders, the Stonyhurst relic being preserved at the English Jesuit College at St. Omers and the Ghent relic at the Novitiate of the English Jesuits close by at Watten. The two relics were presented to the Bishop of St. Omers for approbation, the one on the 8th of January and the other on the 5th of February, 1666. In the autumn of 1762, the two communities of St. Omers and Watten were obliged to leave France. St. Omers College became the *Grand Collège* at Bruges, and took thither all it possessed, but though the school at Watten was transferred to Bruges under the name of the *Petit Collège*, the English Novitiate,⁶ with its archives and relics, was united to the English Tertianship at Ghent. Thus it happened that Father Robert Knatchbull at the suppression of the Society in 1773 was in charge not only of the great relic of the stump of the holy Cross which belonged to his house, but also of the Watten relic of the holy Thorn, and he placed it in the hands of the Bishop of Ghent, Mgr. Govard Gerard van Eersel. The Bishop, as we have already seen, left them both,⁷ as his private property, at his death in 1778, to the Dean of St. Bavon, Maximilian de Meulenaere, by whom the Watten relic of the holy Thorn was given, on the 24th of April, 1808, to the Confraternity of the Holy Cross in the parish church of St. Michael in Ghent, where it now is.

The relic with the pearls was taken from St. Omers to Bruges in 1762, and at the suppression of the Society it was at the *Grand Collège*. As I have recently published in the *Life of Father John Gerard* an account of what then befell our relic, I can hardly do better than repeat it here :

The facts, then, are these. On the suppression of the Society, not unnaturally, the English boys at the *Grand Collège* at Bruges became very unruly and unmanageable on the loss of their masters, and the Government, which had desired to preserve the College for the benefit of the city of Bruges, was obliged to send them away. Some went to Liège and others to their own homes. Among the boys there, was the

⁶ Maria Teresa's Commissaries for the suppression found thirteen novices in the house at Ghent on the 22nd of September, 1773.

⁷ In this point the account I have given in the *Life of Father Gerard*, p. 129, is defective.

Hon. Hugh Edward Henry Clifford, afterwards the sixth Lord Clifford, then a boy of seventeen. The property of the Jesuits had been seized, and the cupboards were sealed by the Commissaries of Maria Teresa. Mr. Clifford, knowing how the relic of the holy Thorn was prized by the Jesuit Fathers, broke open the cupboard in which it was, and gave it to a scholastic of the name of Jameson, who was then starting for England in charge of the two sons of Sir James Haggerstone, Bart. Their way lay through Nieuport, where existed the last remains of the famous Carthusian house of Sheen, which had kept up its continuity in the Low Countries all through the times of the persecution in England, to perish in the French Revolution. Father Augustus Mann, better known afterwards as the Abbé Mann, was then Prior, and on learning from Mr. Jameson that he had this treasure with him, he induced him, by fear of excommunication for stealing a relic, and by threats of the indignation of Maria Teresa's Government, to leave the relic at Nieuport. The Prior then sent it to the Bishop of Bruges with a letter dated the 16th of October, 1773; but when it reached the Bishop, the Commissaries had left Bruges, and the reliquary was handed over to their notary, Van de Steine, who kept it.

Seven or eight years after this Mr. Thomas Weld of Lulworth was travelling in Belgium, and as he was known to be interested in all that had belonged to the English Jesuits, he was directed to the Notary Van de Steine, as the possessor of a very interesting relic that had been theirs. Mr. Weld succeeded in inducing the Notary to part with the reliquary "for the sum of seven guineas, the value of the gold, and under promise to restore it if redemanded by the Government of Maria Teresa."⁸ This was in 1781, and Maria Teresa's Government soon was otherwise occupied.

Mr. Weld kept the relic for two and twenty years, and in the course of this time the Vicar Apostolic of the Western District, Charles Walmesley, O.S.B., Bishop of Rama, gave permission for it to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful. This approbation is dated December 11, 1790. On the 4th of November, 1803, a similar approbation was given by the Vicar Apostolic of the Northern District, William Gibson, Bishop of Acanthos, on the occasion of his coming to Stonyhurst to hold an ordination: for in that year, 1803, Mr. Weld had given it to Father Marmaduke Stone for Stonyhurst. And thus it was reunited, after an interval of about two centuries, to the other relics mentioned by Father John Gerard in the paragraph of his *Autobiography* that has guided us in our present inquiry.

⁸ Father Charles Plowden's account of the suppression of the College at Bruges, among the Stonyhurst MSS.

Religious Evolution in India.

THERE is a school of writers in our day who, have adopted a theory that the history of man is one of steady upward progress effected by his own innate powers, slowly developing themselves as he advances from a primitive barbarism to a perfect civilization. This theory shows us the first man a speechless savage "half akin to brute," and promises that the onward progress of mankind shall culminate in

The crowning race,
Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
On knowledge ; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book.

The upholders of this theory see only the folly of an ignorant tradition in the belief of Christendom that man began with a knowledge of his God, and that the religions of the Pagan world are something lower, not higher, than the primitive religion of mankind ; that they are a degradation from monotheism, not a stage in an upward progress from savage fetichism or sun-worship. If their theory is true, we ought to find in all religions a general upward tendency from lower to higher faiths, subject it may be to a temporary retardation or even retrogression here and there, but in the main working in the direction of real progress from fetichism to polytheism, from polytheism to monotheism, and, if we take Auguste Comte's system, by still another step from monotheism, to the scientific spirit of positivism ; or, if we adopt Mr. Tylor's arrangement, we begin with animism, mere belief in spirits, not of men only but of things, and then polytheism and monotheism follow in turn ; or again, Professor Max Müller would have it that men began with a vague sense of the infinite (or rather the indeterminate and mysteriously unknown), and that nature-worship, myth-making, henotheism,¹ and monotheism marked successive stages of

¹ That is, the worship of one god made so prominent at the time by the worshippers' devotion that he appears as temporarily the supreme or the only divine power, though at another time another god may be worshipped in precisely the same way.

progress. We might enumerate many more such systems, but all have the same general type, and in all it is assumed that monotheism is a late, a very late stage of religious growth; that the beginnings of religion must be sought in fetichism, magic, worship of the dead, nature-worship, or some other cultus which presents to the worshipper a vague, undefined multitude of objects of reverence; and it is naturally assumed that polytheism is an intermediate stage between this unorganized early religion and the monotheistic systems which close the series. It is easy to construct such systems, but their value must depend on their being able to stand the trial of comparison with known facts, and the story of religion in India may well be taken as a decisive test. It is true we have nothing that can be called a history of India prior to Mohammedan times, but we have documents which enable us to reconstruct the religious annals of India from Vedic days to our own, that is, for a period of something like three thousand years, with tolerable certainty as to all the main facts. Here, if anywhere, we might expect to see the law of progress verified, if such a law exists. What, then, has been the course of this long stream of religious thought? Has it been from lower to higher forms of faith and practice, or the reverse? To answer this question there is no need of going into any very recondite details, it will be sufficient to trace briefly the bold outlines of the history of the religion of India.

When the Aryans entered India, pouring down those Afghan passes, the names of which are linked with sad memories in so many English homes, they made their first settlements by the five rivers of the Punjaub. Later still, as they increased in numbers and were reinforced by fresh tribes from the central uplands of Asia, the common home of all their conquering race, they crossed the Indus and the Sutlej, and spread along the Jumna and the Ganges, far and wide through the fertile "middle land" of India. Southward as far as the Vindhya Hills they subdued or drove back before them the darker races which they found in possession of the land, and strong in the sense of victorious power, welded into a nation by successful war, and secure in the lordship of wide and rich domains, they remained for nigh two thousand years the ruling race of India.

When they first entered the Punjaub their religion was in part a simple nature-worship, in part the service of gods whose attributes had in them more of the spiritual character of the

creed of their fellow-Aryans of Persia than of the material type of the deities of later India. These gods they propitiated with sacrifices offered, not in temples, but under the open sky, and they praised them with the hymns of the Veda. They sang of Varuna omnipresent, all-surrounding, all-seeing, the avenger of sin, and the giver of mercy; of Indra, the god of the sky and air, and the bringer of rain and harvests; of Agni, the fire of the hearth; of Soma, whose cheering draught gave strength and joy; of the fair Dawn, the bright Sun, and the roaring Storm-winds. So far as we can judge from these hymns, and from indications afforded by language, no idols looked upon the sacrifices, and it is certain that the Hindus of Vedic days knew nothing of the obscene horrors of Siva worship, the cruel immolation of the widow on her husband's funeral pile, and the manifold tyranny of caste.

By the time that they had spread into Central India, great changes had taken place among them. An organized priesthood and an elaborate ritual had grown out of the simpler worship of earlier days, new gods and spiritual powers had been added to their pantheon, their mythology had been largely developed—in a word, the Aryans of India had advanced far towards the multitudinous polytheism of later times. But another change had come over their religious thought. To the period which immediately followed the Aryan settlement in India belongs the beginning of the philosophic literature of Hinduism in the strange treatises known as the Upanishads. It is perhaps misleading to speak of a philosophy in India in such early days—misleading in the sense that it suggests formal exposition and systematic study, which belong only to an advanced stage of literary culture. But in its truest sense philosophy is not a thing only of the schools. In so far as it is a curious questioning of what we see around us and feel within us, it runs through all men's daily thoughts, even the savage is not without it, as we are told by one who has paid special attention to savage life, and whose testimony is all the more unexceptionable because he has a tendency to underrate on most occasions the spiritual side of human life.² Naturally it is in men's religious

² "Man's craving to know the causes at work in each event he witnesses, the reason why each state of things he surveys is such as it is and no other, is no product of high cultivation, but a characteristic of his race down to its lowest stage. Among rude savages it is already an intellectual appetite whose satisfaction claims many of the moments not engrossed by war or sport, food or sleep" (E. B. Tylor, *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 332).

thoughts this longing to know the causes of things comes most markedly into action. On the great questions, "Whence do I come?" and "Whither do I go?" where is the people so rude as to have no theory—their philosophy of life and the basis of their religion?

And it is precisely this side of their religion which reveals to us most of the character of a people. Hence the interest that attaches to the study of the Vedānta philosophy—the system which for centuries has shaped and coloured the religious thought of India. It is an active power among the Hindus of our own days; thousands who have never seen its classical treatises, none the less draw all their deepest hopes and fears from its teachings as to life and death; and its leading ideas were stirring in the Indian mind more than twenty-five centuries ago, when Gautama the Buddha was still unborn. It is not, it is true, the only philosophy of India, but of no other can the germs be traced so far back in Sanskrit literature, and no other has attained such eminence and influenced so many minds. Without entering into any detail, it is enough to describe it as a theory which represents all the visible and invisible world as only the deceptive veil that hides one single existence. Man sees, indeed, many things, but their multiplicity is only the result of his ignorance, a higher and clearer knowledge shows him that they are but empty names and delusive forms. Nay, following out the same thought, he is told to see in his own personal existence only the result of ignorance. If his mind were not darkened, he would see that his soul, his inmost self, all that he is, is but the One Being that alone exists and with which his own self is identical if he but knew it. To attain to this knowledge, to lose his sense of personal existence in the realization of his identity with the One, this is to be the highest aim of the wise. If we object that this is simply annihilation, we are told that it is emancipation from ignorance and evil, and from the bane of repeated existences in life after life of a soul that, held to earth by its ignorance, comes back in new births to live again and again through toilsome years, and die a death that is not a deliverance. Thus we have a pantheistic idea of God, or rather no God at all, but a blind power or force that merely exists, the centre of a delusion and not of a creation; and the history of a soul is a round of transmigrations, ending in extinction of its separate existence.

This theory by itself could hardly constitute a religion.

As a fact, mere Vedântism has never been a religion ; but its doctrine of transmigration, and of the evil of conscious existence, appears continually as a constituent part of the varying creeds of Hinduism. It is, however, always associated with the belief in gods and demons, themselves temporary emanations or manifestations of the One, but whose power to bless or harm makes them objects of worship or propitiation, of devotion or of fear, so that for the multitude the personality of the lesser gods casts into the background the One central power that was supposed to be the only reality, and so India, with its thousands of pagodas raised to personal gods and goddesses, to Krishna, Siva, Pârvatî, Durga, Ganesa, and the rest, has never seen a temple raised to Brahma, the inmost soul of all things, their source, and at the same time the abyss or ocean into which gods, demons, and men must sooner or later be re-absorbed. It is in connection with the doctrine of transmigration that this theory of the unity of all things has been an active power in Hindu life. There are passages in the Upanishads which show us how ages ago in India men thought with a deep horror and fear of the possibility of their returning to earth again after death in some base-born or even brute life, as a slave, an outcast, or even a beast or reptile. Such a destiny would be the result of evil deeds or even violations of ceremonial law in their present life, and to escape it they gave themselves up to superstitious rites and to austerities, which would seem incredible if the like were not witnessed in the India of to-day ; or they strove to persuade themselves that they already felt and knew the unity of all things, and shunning merit and demerit as alike capable of entailing a second earthly life, they strove to abstract their minds from all thoughts except the dreamy contemplation of the One existence. So century after century the stream of Indian religious life rolled on, grovelling demon-worship, base superstition, wild mysticism and exaggerated asceticism mingling together in its current, and leaving their impress in its literature.

Now let us return to the question for which we are seeking an answer. Have we here evidence of progress or the reverse ? Progress we do find it is true, but not in the sense in which the word is used by the perfectionist school, whose views we are criticizing. The progress is not upwards, but downwards. The gods of the Veda are few in number, every century up to the rise of Buddhism adds to their ranks, and the reorganization of Hinduism after the failure of Buddhism brings still more gods

and demons to swell the multitude already in existence. Moreover, the conception of these gods becomes more gross and material, the associations connected with their names of a baser and less spiritual nature, while the rites by which they are honoured are more and more deeply tinged with those dark superstitions that belong to fetichism and demon-worship. Professor Max Müller tells us that he himself once held the view that fetichism marked the earliest stage of religious life in India, but changed his standpoint as he became "more and more startled by the fact that while in the earliest accessible documents of religious thought we look in vain for any very clear traces of fetichism, they become more and more frequent everywhere in the later stages of religious development, and are certainly more visible in the later corruptions of the Indian religion, beginning with the *Ātharvana*, than in the earliest hymns of the *Rig-Veda*."³ Professor Monier Williams assures us that the phase of "religion" most widely current in India in our own day is "simple demonolatry."⁴ All this does not look like progress, unless in the sense in which Hogarth used the word for two well known series of scenes, in which the "progress" is certainly not heavenward.

It is curious that Professor Max Müller, although his eyes were thus opened to the baselessness of that phase of the "progress" theory which sets up fetichism as the starting-point, is none the less himself a supporter of the theory in a slightly different form, and the course of lectures from which we have just quoted was in fact an eloquent account of an alleged upward development of Indian religious thought in the ante-Buddhist period. It was from this point of view he traced the history of religion in India from Vedic days to the appearance of the germs of the *Vedānta* philosophy in the *Upanishads*. He endeavoured to show that there had been a real advance, a progress in the religion of ancient India. His theory, and the reasons by which he supported it, may be very briefly summed up as follows: The religion of the Aryans of India began in mere wonder at the sublime, the terrible, the indefinite in nature, the nature-worship of the *Veda*, whose "*Devas*"—bright ones—or gods, the Sky and Earth, Sun and Dawn, Fire and Storm, and other visible or sensible objects, left no

³ *Hibbert Lectures*. "On the Origin and Growth of Religion as illustrated by the Religions of India," p. 60.

⁴ *Contemporary Review*, Sept. 1878, p. 265.

room for scepticism ; but no sooner were these gods personified, no sooner did Indra (for example) become, not the rain-giving sky, but an Indian Jove throned on high and armed with the thunderbolt, than a double tendency manifested itself. First there was a tendency in the worshipper to praise now one god, now another, as though he were the supreme or the only god, to the exclusion of all the rest. This might naturally lead to either an organized polytheism under a chief god, or to pure monotheism, the minor gods disappearing as the favourite deity became more and more prominent. But there was another tendency—to doubt, to atheism. Men could not question the existence of the visible powers of nature, they could question that of their invisible impersonations, and Professor Max Müller believes that there was an atheistic stage in early Indian thought. This is one of the weakest points of his whole theory. Besides the *a priori* argument that this was the natural course of events, his chief reliance is placed on a few quotations from the Veda in which the worshipper of Indra exalts his own faith by indignant reference to those who doubt of Indra's power or his existence.⁵ These passages may have quite a different meaning. Dr. Muir has pointed out⁶ that the epithet *anindra* ("one who is no worshipper of Indra") occurring in some other passages of the Veda may refer to "the aboriginal tribes who did not worship either him or any other Aryan god, or to irreligious Aryans, or rather perhaps generally to evil spirits as the enemies of Indra." It is equally clear that in these instances the sceptics referred to may be men quite outside the current of Hindu religious thought, men who denied Indra, not because they denied all gods, but because they denied all Aryan gods, and clung to those of their own people. For the existence of this early Indian atheism we have simply an assertion, and nothing like a proof. But we are further told this atheism was an honest atheism, not the "atheism which is unto death," but what Professor Max Müller, no doubt thinking as much or more of modern Europe than of ancient

⁵ Rig-Veda, viii. 100, 3: "Offer praise to Indra if you desire booty: true praise if he truly exists. One and the other says, 'There is no Indra. Who has seen him? Whom shall we praise!—'Here I am, O worshipper,' exclaims Indra; 'behold me here. In might I overcome all creatures.'" *Ibid.* ii. 12, 5: "The terrible one of whom they ask where he is and of whom they say that he is not: he takes away the riches of his enemy like the stakes at a game. Believe in him, ye men, for he is indeed Indra."

⁶ *Sanskrit Texts*, vol. v. p. 123.

India, describes in bold paradox as "another atheism which is the very life-blood of all true faith, . . . the power of giving up what in our best, our most honest moments, we know to be no longer true."⁷ Then we are told how, under the influence of this feeling, the Brahmins left the old gods to set up a new belief, that faith in the one underlying unity of all things which is the key-note of the Upanishads and of the later Vedānta philosophy—in a word that pantheism the growth of which we have briefly traced in our opening pages. We must quote the words in which Professor Max Müller sums up his theory of this religious revolution.

They threw away the old names, but they did not throw away their belief in that which they had tried to name. After destroying the altars of their old gods, they built out of the scattered bricks a new altar to the Unknown God—unknown, unnamed, and yet omnipresent: seen no more in the mountains and rivers, in the sky and the sun, in the rain and the thunder, but present even then, and it may be nearer to them, and encircling them, no longer like Varuna, the encircling and embracing ether, but more closely and more intimately, being, as they called it themselves, the very ether in their heart; it may be the still small voice.⁸

There is, we suppose, some sense in which this statement is true, but it is not assuredly the obvious sense of the words; even our author himself at a later page bids us admire the tolerant spirit of those who, having learned that all their gods "were merely names of the One, the highest Self, did not therefore break the altars of the gods whom they had formerly adored."⁹ Most certainly they did not break these altars, but it was hardly a spirit of tolerance that saved them. It was rather that there was no real belief in the one God, no belief in Him the very idea of Whom reveals to the heart His first command: "Thou shalt have no gods before Me." The Hindu saw in the One Self the centre whence sprang hosts of gods and demons, as well as multitudes of men and beasts and things. When he said the gods "were but names," he said no more than

⁷ *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 304.

⁸ *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 311. We have in this article purposely avoided details outside of the main line of thought, but as to the last sentence of this passage we may note that ether (ākāśa), a subtle fluid pervading all space, and the necessary support of life (and therefore to be found in the living heart), was taken by Indian thinkers as a type of Brahma, pervading all things. What the "ether in the heart" has to do with the "still small voice," is not very clear.

⁹ *Hibbert Lectures*, p. 364.

he was ready to assert of all the world around him, and sky and stars above his head. Surely one has not to read far in the Upanishads to see how it might be said that the gods were but names, while still holding them as real as all that has any being ; denying, it is true, their reality, but only in the same sense as that in which the Vedântist asserted the unreality of the world. To represent this change in the Hindu mind as an upward and onward stride to a higher faith, is to be misled by taking words for ideas. The unsystematic philosophy of the Upanishads and the organized system of the Vedânta did but give a logical consistency and meaning to the polytheism of India. However much the inefficacy of sacrifice as a means of ultimate liberation was asserted, its efficacy, its necessity from other points of view was not denied. The pantheism of India was not merely consistent with polytheism, it was its very soul. Hinduism can include within its ample limits rival sects, the worshipper of Krishna, and the worshipper of Siva, the degraded adherents of Sâktism, and the fetichist demonolaters, because all the spiritual powers are held to be the outcome and the manifestation of one central and primitive being. How easily and naturally Indian pantheism can go hand in hand with idolatry and polytheism, how little reason there is to suppose that he who "knew himself," in the sense of the Upanishads, would necessarily have any reason to break with idol-worship or overthrow idol altars, is shown very clearly in the part which Sankara (Sankarākārya) played in the reorganization of Hinduism after the downfall of Indian Buddhism some ten centuries ago. Sankara lived in Southern India about the seventh or eighth century of our era, a period of great religious change, when the Buddhist heresy was dying out and Hinduism was again asserting its old power. Sankara was one of the fiercest enemies of the Buddhists ; he taught the pantheistic theory of the Vedânta, his commentaries on the Upanishads are among our chief keys to their meaning, and he also commented the aphorisms of Vyāsa, the work which first presented in a systematic form the pantheism the beginnings of which we see in the older Upanishads. In all these commentaries Sankara insists upon the necessary unity of the first principle of all things, but he was no monotheist. He was the founder of the great sect of the Smârtavas, which still flourishes in Southern India. They are zealous upholders of the Vedântist system and at the same time they are idolaters, adorers of Siva, the god

who presides over life viewed as an eternal succession of destruction of old forms and generation of new, and whose worship runs easily into those darker forms of ritual and idolatry which belonged to the Dionysiac worship of old Greece. Nor are they the only Saivist sects that claim him as their founder, some at least of these sects holding that he was no mere man, but Siva himself appearing in human form. Sankara's followers everywhere turned the statues of Buddha, represented in an attitude of meditation, into idols of Siva, represented in his aspect of the model of ascetic contemplation. Thus Sankara, the very prince of commentators of the Vedānta, was at the same time one of the foremost promoters of polytheistic idolatry.

To this day Hindus, especially when speaking to a European, will make the pantheistic theory of the One manifesting itself in many forms a plea for their polytheistic worship, asserting that it is only polytheistic in appearance. When Rammohun Roy was first preaching the theistic doctrines of the Brahmo-Samāj he was more than once told by the Brahmans who clung to their old worship that his advocacy of the worship of one God was nothing new, that India had worshipped him for centuries under various forms, all of them confessed by the wise to be ultimately one with Brahma, the Supreme Soul. And Professor Monier Williams thus reports a plea for Hinduism made by a Brahman of Tanna, near Bombay, in a conversation which he had with him during his Indian tour.

All orthodox Brahmans believe in one God who is supreme Lord over all. At the same time they believe that this one God has manifested himself in various forms, all of which may be worshipped. Every man chooses his favourite god or divine object, to which he pays especial homage. Thus Agnihotri Brahmans regard fire as their favourite form of the deity. They call him Agninārāyaṇa. Vedic Brahmans make a god of the Veda, calling it Vedanārāyaṇa. Different places have also their favourite presiding deities. Benares is specially watched over by a form of S'iva (Viś'ves'vara): Pandharpur by a form of Krishna (Vithoba). Here in Tanna we have temples of Vishnu, Rāma, Krishna, Viththal, Hanumān, S'iva, Ganes'a, and Devi. The oldest and most sacred of all is one of S'iva in the character of Kopines'vara. We may propitiate every one of these gods with ceremonies and sacrifices, but the Supreme Being is the real object of all our offerings and religious services. At the end of each we say: "By this act may the Supreme Lord be gratified!" Hence, though to you we appear polytheists, we are really monotheists.¹⁰

¹⁰ *Contemporary Review*, Sept. 1878, p. 259.

What the Brahman here calls monotheism is of course pantheism, and the pantheistic supreme Soul of the Indian religion is so utterly impersonal as to be a blind dead force, and not a living God. Brahma's existence is a kind of calm unconsciousness, and though at one time joy and knowledge are predicated of him, we are again told that he is "without action, without emotion, having no consciousness such as is denoted by 'I' and 'Thou.'"¹¹ Polytheism was really the only escape from blank atheism under such a system of belief, and a very abstract pantheism going hand in hand with a gross polytheism has been the result of the "development" and "progress" of the Indian mind. Wherever in India we find anything like real monotheism, the worship of a personal God, to the exclusion of all others, there we clearly see Muslim or Christian influence at work, but even in these instances it is curious to note how readily the monotheistic sect is drawn into the pantheistic current of thought around it.

To any one, then, who believes in a personal God, the history of religion in India is one, not of progress, but of degradation. The only way in which the contrary view can be made to look tenable for even a moment, is by viewing one single aspect of Indian thought under the false light produced by separating it from its surroundings, its consequences, and much of its antecedents. Professor Max Müller has done this, apparently under the influence of a dominant idea produced by an admiration for Indian pantheism as a philosophical system. When he speaks as if this pantheism rang the knell of the old gods, when he represents it as a closing stage in Indian religious thought, when he puts forward the Upanishads as the outcome of a great onward stride of the human mind, he is simply misleading his readers and hearers by bold assertion, poetic phrase, and recondite illustration, to share his own delusion—an honest delusion, no doubt, but a delusion none the less. We cannot separate the pantheism of India from the polytheism of India; they are knit together like body and soul, and to dwell on one to the exclusion of the other is simply unscientific: it is one of those proceedings which tend to bring discredit on real research. We repeat again, what we have said before, that no one values more highly than we do Professor Max Müller's contributions to linguistic science, especially in the field of Sanskrit philology, but this makes us all the more regret that

¹¹ Professor Monier Williams, *Indian Wisdom*, p. 116.

such strange theories as that before us should be associated with his name.

One word in conclusion. The school of progress begins by applying its methods to non-Christian religions, but ends by asserting that the monotheism of Judaism and Christianity is itself a human development. But if so, is it not strange that the monotheism which was the faith of the Jew in the midst of Pagan nations, and was taken up by Christianity and carried to the ends of the earth, has never been clearly developed except in this one unbroken tradition of Jew and Christian. Islam owes its monotheism to its connection with Judaism and Christianity. Everywhere else we see, not progress towards monotheism, but a tendency towards lower forms of belief, as in the case of the pantheism and polytheism of India. Outside of the direct or indirect influence of Christian and Jewish monotheism, a high natural culture goes readily hand in hand with a multitudinous polytheism. In fact the Greek people of the age of Pericles and the Romans of the Augustan age were, and the Hindus of our own day are really farther from monotheism than some of the despised races of Africa. How does all this accord with the development and progress theory? This is a problem which the professors of the science of religion must face more boldly than they have yet seemed inclined to do. To us it appears to testify to some other factors in the history of religion besides that independent development of human thought, of which we have heard so much.

A. H. A.

Reviews.

I.—LIFE OF ST. PHILIP NERI.¹

IT would be difficult to find one more fitted in every way to write the Life of St. Philip Neri than the learned Archbishop of Capua. His *Storia di S. Pier Damiano*, and still more his *Storia di Sta. Caterina da Siena*, are too well known to need further praise. Miss Drane, a most competent witness, in her *Life of St. Catharine*, attests the mastery with which he has drawn the picture of the times of the virgin saint. His *Vita di Gesu Cristo* is frequently referred to in Canon Farrar's popular work. A life spent from boyhood in the Congregation of the Oratory, a thorough acquaintance with the Archives of the Roman and Neapolitan Houses, ample opportunities of study in the libraries of the two capitals, have afforded him exceptional advantages, and given him access to sources hitherto unknown, or at all events unemployed.

Gallonio and Bacci are of course his main authorities. The Life written by the latter is familiar to English readers from its translation in the Oratorian Series of Modern Saints. That of Gallonio, with a Life by Father Bernabei, is to be found in the Bollandists. A comparison of the new Life with that of Bacci will show at once its great superiority. Bacci, writing with the *Processi* of the canonization before him, paid little attention to chronological sequence, and divided up the Life into virtues and miracles, just as the subject-matter had been arranged for technical examination in the formal and searching inquiries of the Congregation of Rites.

Our author has restored facts to their proper dates, and arranged the whole Life in accordance with what, for a better word, may be called the modern method. When Gallonio and Bacci wrote, the history of their times was still to be written, and, with the ample materials which modern research has

¹ *La Vita di S. Filippo Neri*, Libri tre di Alfonso Capeceiatro dell' Oratorio. Vol. ii. Napoli : De Angelis e figlio, 1879.

rendered up from storehouses of the past, Archbishop Capelatro has now been able to give to the whole Life and to its various details their full meaning, by a careful study of contemporaneous events. We observe too a characteristic, almost entirely wanting in seventeenth century lives, the description of the places made famous by their connection with the Saint. As examples of this, the interesting sketches of La Sta. Trinità at the Montagna Spaccata, near Gaeta (vol. i. p. 89), and the notice of St. Philip's at San Germano (vol. i. p. 103). But far more valuable than these mere outsides is that which his Grace has essayed, and in which he has so well succeeded. To use his own words—

I wished to penetrate somewhat deeper than has been before done into the soul of St. Philip, to learn not only its supernatural, but its natural beauties, and still more, and above all, the pure and marvellous harmony that existed within him between these two separate orders.

The great obstacle in the way of such a search is the fewness of the letters or writings which St. Philip left behind him. Twenty-seven letters only have been collected, some thirteen more than are to be found at the end of the Life in the Oratorian Series—

St. Philip Neri wrote but little, and of the little which he did write, save some letters which escaped, he threw all into the fire, at the dictation of his profound humility (Introd. p. 37).

The exquisite picture which our author has produced shows with what loving and skilful care he has gathered up every indication of the spirit of St. Philip, and from them put on the canvas of his pages, so striking, so lifelike a portrait of a mind eminently beautiful and attractive. The studies by Father Dalgairns in the *Rambler*, the beautiful passages in the works of Cardinal Newman and Father Faber relating to their dear Saint, and especially the "Spirit and Genius of St. Philip," are not to be equalled in any language, and we can only hope that in the translation which we understand is being prepared of the work before us these precious additions to the Life of the Apostle of Rome may be collected and embodied in the publication. No translation of a work, written for foreign minds and foreign thought, can suit our minds and thoughts as well as a work written by those who speak the same language and breathe the same atmosphere of ideas as their readers. A slightly rhetorical character seems almost *de rigueur* in an

Italian work. And this now and again necessarily jars with the tone of the Anglo-Saxon mind.

Archbishop Capecelatro's book is full of most interesting and suggestive thoughts. He traces, and very clearly, the influence of Savonarola, and his abortive but well-meant and much-needed effort at Reform, on the mind and actions of St. Philip. In a valuable chapter, the fifth in the first volume, on St. Philip and Savonarola, he gives a careful statement of the Saint's external *cultus* of the great Dominican, of the action of the Sovereign Pontiffs in regard to that *cultus*, and their approval of his works. To this is added an unimpassioned judgment upon the life and fate of the Florentine Friar.

The family of our Saint were evidently *Piagnoni*, and in that wonderful Convento di S. Marco whose walls reflect the inspirations of Fra Angelico, and make it like a glimpse of Heaven, the boy Neri found his chief resort. The Dominican novices were in later years, after his own community and the young men of the Little Oratory, his great delight. And in the rule of his congregation distinct traces can be found of the imitation which follows on affection.

The fitness of the Oratory for the needs of the time is skilfully pointed out, and the author indulges in a striking and thoughtful comparison when he describes the ex-officer of his Catholic Majesty, with his military views and training, taking for the model of his *Compañia* the well-trained veteran army of Spain, while St. Philip, brought up in the simple life of a small republic, adopted an institute, a system of government, more in harmony with his early surroundings. While St. Ignatius conceived the great scheme of subjecting the world to the obedience of Christ, the Apostle of Rome made by quiet and humble paths his way to the very heart of the Church, and in reforming the laity and clergy of Rome, trained up a school of prelates to whom under God much of the counter-Reformation was owing. Born under the reign of Leo the Tenth, he died, as Capecelatro remarks, when the saintly Clement the Eighth, his pupil and penitent, made glad the Holy City by the sanctity of his life. And the contrast shows the mighty change which eighty years had brought about (vol. ii. p. 569).

A carefully elaborated analysis of the Saint's "School of Ascetics" gives with great clearness and detail the characteristics of his special type of holiness. The incident of St. Philip's seeming vocation to follow St. Francis Xavier to the Indies, and

the moot question as to whether St. Ignatius had asked him to join his new order, or had refused him when he applied for admission, are carefully treated (vol. i. 317; vol. ii. p. 20).

The account of his relations with the other great saints of his day are full of interest, for instance, the contrast of character between himself and St. Charles Borromeo.

In both we find the same angelic candour (*candore*), the same simplicity and straightforwardness, the same elevation of thoughts and feelings. If we would seek for any natural difference between two men, so like in so many respects, it is only fair to say that Borromeo, gentle (*soave*) though he was, was more severe than Neri, and on the other hand, in the character and holiness of Neri there is a broader vein of festiveness and a spice of oddity, which is wanting in Borromeo (vol. ii. p. 405).

The contrast comes out more strongly when after many efforts the sainted Archbishop had founded a house of the Oratory at Milan, St. Philip recalled his Fathers to Rome, because, as St. Charles expresses himself in a letter to his agent—

I see that my intentions and those of these Fathers widely differ. They want their congregation to be dependent on themselves alone, and I wish the whole to be subject to my will; I wish for nothing else but to form a congregation of men ready to my bidding, though made up of Fathers of the Oratory.

The fortunate upshot of a difference between two saints was the formation of the Congregation of the Oblates, modelled largely on the type of the Oratory. St. Philip's wisdom and fun combined are amusingly illustrated by his submitting these rules to the revision of a Capuchin lay-brother—much to the astonishment of St. Charles; but the reviser was no one less than St. Felix da Cantalice (vol. ii. p. 82).

The history of the foundation of the Polish College (vol. ii. p. 480), and of the Oratory of Naples, are among the most interesting episodes of the work. The only time when St. Philip took any direct part in the religious politics of his time was when, like the great Cardinal Francis Toledo and so many other wise and holy men of his day, he rose above the prejudices of passion which had surrounded the question of Henry the Fourth's conversion, and despising the vehement partizanship of the Spanish party, ordered Baronius, himself a Spanish subject, to refuse any longer to be the confessor of Clement the Eighth unless he consented to the absolution of that monarch (vol. ii. p. 680). The wild scheme of setting Isabella of Spain on the

French throne, the attempt to link an unnatural and impossible solution of the difficulties of the question with the very existence of order and religion in France have their parallels in the infatuation of many well-meaning Frenchmen in our own times, and the wisdom of the Pontiff's action, as proved by after events, gives us a fresh motive to applaud the calm utterances of Leo the Thirteenth in the face of like passions and like follies.

We must also note with approval the genealogical table of the Neri family, the bibliography of the Fathers of the Oratory contemporaries of St. Philip, and the chronological lists of foundations given in the Appendix to this valuable contribution to Catholic hagiology.

But English readers will soon have a better opportunity of studying the life of the great founder of the Oratory. We hear with pleasure that Father Pope of the Birmingham Oratory will shortly publish an English translation of the book we have been reviewing. The Oratory of St. Philip Neri has a peculiar claim on the gratitude of Englishmen, and is doing a great work in modern English society. Father Pope will establish a fresh claim to our gratitude by bringing closer to us the example of the great Saint whom he has adopted as his patron and spiritual Father.

2.—A MODERN AGNOSTIC.¹

This world is not a Utopia, and, whatever a few optimists may surmise to the contrary, it shows no sign of being on the way to perfection. Such is the conclusion suggested by reading the bulk of the Essays in Mr. Greg's volume. They deal with social and political subjects, which, from the vastness of their complications, are well calculated to produce a sort of despair in the mind of the student who longs to see a neat, thorough solution of difficulties. Mr. Greg himself does not pretend to settle all matters. He discusses, for instance, the "imperial," "grandiose," "lavish," "European" policy adopted by one of our political parties, and contrasts it with the "parochial," "self-effacing," "economic," "insular" policy of the opposite party. Both policies have their uses and both have their abuses; yet to be perpetually playing see-saw between the two makes us a nation that cannot be counted on, and must bring us mischief.

We are not inclined [says the author] to pronounce dogmatically in favour of either. What is perfectly clear, however, is that it is

¹ *Miscellaneous Essays.* By W. R. Greg. London: Trübner and Co., 1882.

increasingly important, and will soon become absolutely essential, that the country should definitely and decidedly choose between the two. Its credit, its greatness, its success, and what is more important still, its beneficence and repute as a nation, depend upon the choice being made.

Yet, in the course of arguing out the case, Mr. Greg points rather to a happy mixture of the two principles than to the definite adoption of one. He does not seem to have that belief in party government which some entertain, on the pleas of healthy antagonism, sharp criticism, wholesome change, most thorough-going application of ruling ideas, and such like. In his treatment of the subject Mr. Greg does not enter upon the historical argument, according to which the widely divergent views which originally gave rise to government by party are declared no longer to exist; a consequence of which is said to be that henceforth, the division of politicians into two hostile sections must be carried on mainly for the sake of this set of men as opposed to that set of men, like a "picked match" at cricket or foot-ball. He takes the practice simply on its working merits, and it is his opinion that the nation cannot long maintain itself in honourable prosperity if it maintains its old form of managing state affairs by alternation of parties.

Looking to social interests, Mr. Greg is distressed at the perversity of our people. During times of prosperity they squander their riches, and spoil their own good fortune by impossible demands for more wages and less work. Education, it was hoped, would give the masses higher enlightenment; but they are still very blind, suffering themselves to be led by stump orators to ruinous strikes, or, when passion and stupid prejudice have been roused, rushing, like a flock of sheep, to use the extended franchise for the election of a Member of Parliament who will do no good either to his constituents or to the country, but the very reverse. It seems to need only a number of such movements to change the composition of the House of Commons greatly for the worse. So that Mr. Gladstone's estimate of the popular judgment seems to be pitched higher than facts, or at least than certain facts, are found to warrant.

As, however, individual portraits strike more than dry discussions, we will select a comparison between Napoleon the Third and Lord Beaconsfield, who are set up by Mr. Greg as two companion pictures for a political portrait gallery.

Both men from the outset believed in themselves—a mighty means, and usually a sure augury, of success. They believed in themselves

when no one else did, and when there was no reason why any one else should. There is something touching and worthy of reverence in this unswerving faith, founded, no doubt, on a consciousness which cannot be imparted, but which, on the other hand, cannot be shaken or reasoned away. Mr. Disraeli kept it through years of obscurity and failure, Louis Napoleon through years of exile and imprisonment. The conviction enabled them to set their aim steadily in view in very early youth, to shape their course deliberately towards it, to labour hard and appropriately for it, and to suffer nothing to beguile them from it. . . . Both began their public careers in a direction almost—in appearance at least—diametrically opposite to their ultimate position, Napoleon as a Carbonaro and conspirator, Disraeli as a romantic novelist, and a candidate for a seat in Parliament under a Radical leader. Both inaugurated their roll of wonderful triumphs with almost as wonderful *fiascoes*.

Under this head Mr. Greg tells the story of the "tame eagle," which has been denied on what seems credible authority.

If the Emperor's career had terminated in 1848, no feeling save that of contempt could have been associated with the memory of one who now, after the lapse of twenty years, is universally recognized as nearly the ablest and quite the most remarkable² statesman of his age. This insensibility to failure which is common to the two men; this want of feeling, or of seeming to feel, the mortification and ridicule attending it; this admirable capacity of drawing from each error and defeat its practical instruction, and ignoring or despising its mere personal annoyance—constitute of themselves a power so rare and so efficient as almost to reach the dignity of genius, and beyond all question have been among the chief causes of the success of both careers. . . . Both are singularly patient and persistent, pertinacious in their purposes, flexible in their measures; knowing that there are usually many ways to the same end, . . . and that in political life nearly everything depends on a happy choice of times and opportunities. *Cunctando restituet rem.*

In the matter of bending to circumstances the third Napoleon is a strong contrast to his great-uncle, whose obstinacy was his own ruin, as it was that of the Stuart family in this kingdom. At the same time, it is better to fall for steadfastness to right principle, than to rise to the height of ambitious projects by a temporizing conduct, which no circumstances will justify.

Another personage, also a great believer in self, whom Mr. Greg notices, is Harriet Martineau. Whoever has read the autobiography of that strange woman must have been

² At the date when this was written Napoleon had not been, as some say, *Bismarked*.

struck by her excessive condemnation of revising what once has been written. Of course authors, according to their several varieties of character, must differ in the amount of corrections which they make in their manuscripts. But, whatever the fluency of pen and thought, there is no mortal whose views do not need re-consideration sometimes. It is by means of such second thoughts that they save themselves from the fate of Harriet Martineau, who, by her own account, was constantly outgrowing her previous opinions, so that of many of her works she said that she quite let them slip out of memory, and would never re-read them; yet that she retained at least this much knowledge of them, that they did not represent opinions then entertained by her.

Doubt [Mr. Greg says] seems to have been a state of mind unknown to her. She never reconsidered her opinions, or mused over her judgments. They were instantaneous insights, not deliberate or gradual deductions. It scarcely occurred to her that she could be wrong—that thousands of eminent or wise men differed from her never appeared to suggest the probability. We never recollect her views, if once formed, being changed or materially modified during a discussion. And this is the more remarkable because, in the first place, her confidence in her opinions was not irrational conceit in her own powers; . . . and, in the second place, she was by no means an unimpressible person . . . if you spoke to her of men or things before she had formed any judgment of either.

One point she gained by her direct, intuitive method, and that was vigour of conception and style, also much insight into real truth. But the perfect writer must use both methods in combination, the direct and the reflective, and exaggerate neither.

The last chapters of Mr. Greg's volume contain his views on questions lying at the root of all religion. Here he is sadly deficient, and, we may say, ignorant. He seems to have taken opinions on authority, and on very bad authority. Thus he tells us very coolly, as quite a clear point, that "the date of the Acts of the Apostles, as is now believed, cannot be placed earlier than from A.D. 95 to 110, and its reliability is not unquestioned." It is a pity that Mr. Greg accepts this dogma, for it is a position which the better critics even among the Rationalists give up as untenable. The evidence for St. Luke's authorship happens to be singularly good. In the same spirit of ready credence, Mr. Greg takes up the theory that the "genuine

Gospel according to St. Mark ends, as is now admitted, with the eighth verse of the sixteenth chapter." His view of all the four Gospels is borrowed from the same school, and he takes it as established "that their date and authorship are and must remain conjectural;" that there "are four discrepant collections of the traditions current among early Christians, from forty to ninety years after the event, put together we do not know by whom, and not without the strongest signs of subsequent interpolations and legendary accretions." These ideas we are inclined to attribute, not to a blundering misinterpretation of the whole evidence for and against the Gospels, but to an over easy trust, so common nowadays, in the word of very untrustworthy critics. We remember, moreover, to have come across facts that confirm us in this judgment on Mr. Greg's ignorance. In his *Enigmas of Life*, he instances the belief in Divine Omnipotence as one among many very glaring examples of how an absurd notion will be taken up by theologians, with unquestioning obsequiousness to what is handed down to them by tradition. It turns out, however, that Mr. Greg's idea of omnipotence is quite astray, he supposing, "good easy man," that power to do all things must mean power to do what is intrinsically absurd, as, for example, to make $2+2=5$. But no sound theologian can hold this view, for it would strike at the root of all truth, upset the principle of contradiction, and make not only philosophy and theology uncertain, but all natural knowledge likewise.

To return, however, to the volume under review, we have to state, in reply to Mr. Greg's difficulties about the incidents connected with the Resurrection, that the accounts given are very fragmentary and incomplete; that some fragments seem so unlikely to fit into a consistent whole that, if the witnesses were of a very fallible nature, we might suspect them of mistakes, but that being certain, on other grounds, as to the infallibility of the records, we are also certain that the discrepancies are apparent and not real. Possible explanations have been given of all seeming contradictions; this or that explanation may often be wrong, and some of the proposed conciliations must be wrong, for they are incompatible with others. Still, it is quite logical to disregard a mere difficulty, if it is *aliunde* proved that there must be a solution, even though we cannot be sure that we have hit upon that solution. The able men who have believed the Gospel narrative of the Resurrection did not hold their faith on the strength of ignorance as to the existence of apparently

conflicting statements; they knew these perplexities more fully than Mr. Greg does, but they also knew more fully than he the force of the authority of an Evangelist.

The root of Mr. Greg's difficulties is his strong antecedent conviction as to there being no supernatural element mixed up with that order of nature which is knowable to us. It is true that he states his principle in a milder form, saying that we must never seek a cause above nature where a natural cause will probably suffice. But when this maxim leads him to prefer the hypothesis that Christ merely woke up from a swoon, to the commonly received view that Christ died and rose again to life, we see that *à priori* incredulity is more obstinate than what is likely to be overcome by the Christian evidences, powerful though these be.

But leaving revelation aside altogether, Mr. Greg was in doubt as to a problem which lies deeper down than that, and which death has lately solved for him. His hope of a future state he sorrowfully admits to be grounded only on aspiration. He says:

I share the anticipations of believers, but I share them as aspirations, sometimes approaching almost to a faith, occasionally and for a few moments perhaps rising into something like a trust, but never able to settle into the consistency of a definite and enduring creed.

This veering quality of Mr. Greg's mind is quite characteristic. In his *Enigmas of Life* he speaks in one place as though he admitted the future state, which most men believe to be a reality, even while they doubt of its nature.

That earthly joys are pale, partial, passing, when compared with the beatitudes of that world, which the glory of God doth enlighten in a degree which language cannot measure, we need no words to tell us. But what of that? The bliss of Heaven is *yonder*, the future is unseen; the bliss of earth is *here*, is present, is felt. God has given us the one now; He has not given us the other yet.

Then he enters upon a piece of philosophy about the soul quite original, quite without rational basis, a thing which might seem wonderful in a man so exacting of flawless proofs for Christianity and for a life beyond the grave.

Probably what God bestows at birth is a *germ*, not a finished entity; not an immortal soul, but a *nature capable of being worked up into a soul* worthy of immortality. . . . It may be that only such natures as

develope adequately and in the right direction in this life will be heirs of Heaven, and others may never pass beyond the embryonic or earthly stage of existence.

Thus, for the old well-grounded truths are substituted self-willed speculations. After all, just this one piece of praise remains due to Mr. Greg, that he declares the silly assertions of some, who pretend to be certain that death will end their conscious existence, to be quite unjustifiable.

None of our readers, we trust, will be inclined to take Mr. Greg for his "guide, philosopher, and friend" in religious matters. The radical defect of such a teacher is, that he does not know the proper place of difficulties in a right-ordered mind. He does not see how difficulties can be made to disappear by encountering them with certain broad, well-established truths. Rather he is a sort of wind-mill, moved by the "winds of doctrine," as these blow now from this quarter now from that. Surely it is better to adhere to that universal society, in which Christ established "a pillar and ground of truth," steadfast always as the "rock," another symbol of its stability, throughout generations of change.

Finally, we would not take leave of Mr. Greg without noticing that we can well believe him to have been a man possessed of certain natural virtues. Probably his acquaintances found matter for admiration in him. Yet this admission does not invalidate our one charge against him, that he erred seriously in his principles as to questions of the soul, and its destiny.

3.—RECRUITING FOR THE ARMY.¹

Strengthening our armies and navies for war is, in Europe, the order of the day. In 1880 England had for professionals in the art of war a little more, Austria a good deal more, and Italy something less than a quarter of a million; France more, and Germany somewhat less than half a million; Russia towards a million:² and by these experts the frontiers of a country are guarded or extended.

There is another militia far of higher importance—that, namely, by which the Church of Christ is protected or extended, and Alberic de Foresta distinguished himself by originating the

¹ *La Vie d' Alberic de Foresta, S. J.*, Fondateur des Ecoles Apostoliques. Par P. de Chazournes. Paris: Poussielgue frères.

² See Mr. Mulhall's *Balance Sheet of the World*.

most recent plan for enlisting recruits for the militia of the Church. It is not yet ten years since he died (1876). His work was that of the Apostolical Schools: in them children of promise and of humble rank are trained and fitted in their early life to serve afterwards as priests and missionaries under the standard of the Cross.

Our own needs in England are easily summarized. For one million and a half of Catholics in Great Britain we have 2,282 clergy (1881), that is, one priest for 625 laity, but since the whole population of Great Britain is the field of Catholic enterprise, we have only 2,282 clergy for a population of thirty-four and a half millions (1880), or one priest in every 15,000. The harvest is great, the labourers are few.

Alberic de Foresta has some claim on the interest of Englishmen. One of his kith and kin was connected with Catharine of Aragon, and died a martyr, a victim of Henry the Eighth. This John de Foresta was a Franciscan, and accompanied the Queen into England as her confessor. The King required De Foresta to acknowledge his spiritual supremacy, and on his refusal, he was tediously burned to death (May 5, 1538). The flames were, first, applied to his feet, and during his long agony these were his often-repeated words: "No fire, nor scaffold, nor tortures, can separate me from Thee, O Lord!" and he added this verse of the fifty-sixth Psalm: "Under the shadow of Thy wings will I hope until the triumph of iniquity be overpassed."

Alberic de Foresta has been used by God in this century as an instrument in combating this "triumph of iniquity." The northern countries of Europe have been devastated by heresy, and De Foresta inaugurated an institution in which soldiers of Christ were to be trained for a crusade destined to restore the apostate countries to the obedience of Christ. The thought may have been suggested by one of the practices of the Society of which he was a member. The priests of the Society of Jesus are ordered to say Mass every month, and those who are not priests, the Rosary, for the northern regions and the conversion of heretics. The suggestion to which this practice gave rise in the mind of De Foresta received consistency on occasion of the visit of a veteran missionary, whose field of labour was China, but whose large heart embraced the torrid zone and the regions of the Pole. This missionary's name was Gotteland. He visited Avignon the very year in which De Foresta, now in the twentieth year of his age, had been admitted to the novice-

ship in that city (1837). The greater difficulties connected with the missions of the north were a special attraction to De Foresta: there was more to suffer in the cold north: there were fewer volunteers: it was comparatively a neglected field. He at once began to collect materials for necessary information: his own words shall convey his thoughts—

Cast your eye over the globe—over Europe northwards from the fifty-fifth degree of latitude; over Asia and America from the fiftieth, and you will find schism, heresy, or idolatry, dominant: truth has no footing there to combat error. Not that our forefathers wholly disregarded these regions. There was a bishopric in Greenland, and there were Franciscan Friars who acted as missionaries. But they are comparatively overlooked, and the command of our Master is, to “Go, teach all nations!”

Heroes in adult age generally begin by being heroic in their early years. De Foresta's youth was that of one destined to rank among the saints. Political events in France had necessitated his being sent to a College out of France. He was sent to Fribourg. Here a passing word spoken by the Rector of the College indicates the esteem in which the boy was held. One of the sodalists of the Blessed Virgin had committed a grave fault, which merited and received a public reprehension. So rare an event occasioned much surprise, and the Rector, addressing the culprit in the midst of his companions, said, “It is a grief to me, my dear child, to have to rebuke you thus publicly, but I could not have done otherwise, had you been Alberic himself.” He was an apostle in his very demeanour; once in going up to the altar for Holy Communion, he accidentally knocked against a lady. She turned round upon him with a look of indignation, but the figure which met her eyes took her by surprise by its wonderful modesty and recollection. Before leaving the church, she found her way to a confessional, and began a new life. As a novice he was another John Berchmans, and his maxim was that of the young Belgian Saint, “Rather die than break a rule!”

While we refer our readers to the biography itself of De Foresta for the account of his life, we will select two or three details which seem interesting and suggestive.

On his return from the Vatican Council he stopped at Loreto, and having to stay and wait for a train in a waiting-room, he found lying about some fragments of paper, and having nothing else to do, sat down and began to fold them, and make

them up into shapes of little boats and animals. A friend coming in, asked him where he had acquired the art, and who had taught him? "Well," said he, "no less a person than Charles the Tenth, and I advise you to teach your little folks to do as much, to save them from having nothing to do." In fact, when quite a child he lived with his mother, who was a marquise, and attached to the Court, in a château close to the palace. One day the Count d'Artois, who became subsequently Charles the Tenth, found him weary with nothing to do, and yawning in one of the salons. "Well, Alberic, what's to do?" said the Prince, good naturedly. "Nothing, monseigneur," said the child. "What, nothing?" said the Prince. "Oh, Alberic, you should never be doing nothing. Come, and I will show you how to do something." So, taking Alberic on his knee, he sat down at a table on which were lying some sheets of paper, and began to fold them up into the shapes of little boats and animals. Alberic watched him attentively, and when the Prince left him, he put his new lesson into practice. We hear of Henry the Fourth being discovered by the English Ambassador playing at riding pick-a-back with his children; here is a similar incident equally interesting.

De Foresta has left a sentence on record which deserves being remembered by those who have to deal with agnostics or infidels: "Great," he said, "is the number of those who after years of infidelity have on their death-beds sought the consolations of God's Church, how many Catholics will you find who on their death-beds have sought the consolations of infidelity?"

Here is another anecdote. De Foresta was travelling by the railroad. It was, by the way, in the third class, by which he always travelled, and when he was asked the reason, he answered with all simplicity, "because there was no fourth." By his side was a young woman immersed in reading a book, which was easily recognizable as a bad novel. Father de Foresta took it out of her hands, tore it, and threw the fragments out of the window. She had time to colour, but before she had time to speak, Father Alberic said in the gentlest voice possible, "My child, it was for your own sake I did it. Could I see you playing with an explosive, while you were unconscious of the danger, without ridding you of it? Believe me, it is unworthy of you to let a man say to you in writing what you would resent if he dared to say it to you by word of mouth." Some years after this young person recognized her Mentor in a portrait in the parlour

of the Jesuit house at Avignon, learned whose portrait it was, and that the original was just six months dead. She gave up reading bad novels.

The great work inaugurated by Father de Foresta was the institution of the Apostolical Schools. This was the carrying out of the ideas we have referred to above. The Ecoles Apostoliques were to bear the same relation to the Seminaries for Foreign Missions as the Bishops' Little Seminaries to their Theological Seminaries. They were always to be placed in the neighbourhood of Catholic Colleges. The boys admitted were to be at least twelve years of age, intelligent, pious, poor—so poor that but for the Apostolical Schools their talents and energies would have been lost to the Church.

The first stone of the Apostolical Schools was laid by Father Alberic at Avignon on his return from the Father General of the Society of Jesus, Father Beckx, whom he had gone to consult. At Avignon, the Rector of the College offered to admit any boys Father Alberic might succeed in obtaining for his purpose to the classes of the College. The first candidates were half a dozen children whom a saintly religious woman had chosen and destined for missionary life before ever hearing of Father Alberic's proposal. They were established in a little house, close to the College, on St. Joseph's day, 1866; they numbered twelve, and the institution was formally inaugurated, and each aspirant received his badge, a crucifix, and an image of Blessed John Berchmans. The next year the number amounted to forty-five. And yet the greatest care was exercised in the selection, for Father de Foresta's rule was: "Accept only that which of the best is the best. We must have the very choice of intelligences, and above all, of hearts." The various nationalities represented in the first pupils represented the cosmopolitan character of the work—Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, and even Oceania, had each its representatives.

The establishment of the Ecoles Apostoliques at Avignon was followed by similar institutions at Turin and Amiens in 1868; at Poitiers in 1869; at Turnhout and New Orleans in 1871; at Bordeaux in 1872; and in Madagascar in 1874. The number of pupils had risen to three hundred and fifty. Then Father de Foresta died the death of the just in 1876 (May 2), and after his death foundations were laid at Dole and Monaco, in 1877, and at Boulogne in 1879.

The persecution of the Church in France has driven the

Ecoles Apostoliques from the country of their origin into England, and Littlehampton is the gainer of the loss sustained by Amiens and Boulogne.

4—SOUTHEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.¹

Every lover of Southey and every one who finds interest in the familiar thoughts and every-day pursuits of a great poet will be glad to have these letters. Without setting before us the whole correspondence between the poet and the poetess, Mr. Dowden has put together a volume of great interest, and a volume which, with the help of a short preface, lightly but carefully written, and full, as a preface should be, of the spirit of the book itself, gives us a tolerably full account of the rise and after-growth of one of those great friendships so rare, as the Editor remarks, between man and woman.

Southey undertakes at the prayer of an unknown and almost friendless applicant the task, so commonly thrust upon great writers by authors and authoresses of far less merit than was Caroline Bowles, of looking over a manuscript poem and pronouncing sentence for or against its publication, subject, of course, to the final judgment of that terrible Rhadamanthus the bookseller. From this little act of kindness, promptly done, without flattery, but with much generous appreciation of a first imperfect attempt, arises a friendship full on the one side of almost fatherly solicitude without offensive patronage, and rich on the other side in enthusiastic admiration and womanly dependence on a stronger nature, with just that amount of hero-worship which is not unworthy of a high-minded woman.

Short extracts from a volume of letters we are unwilling to give—a few separate colour-spots are no fair samples of a pleasing kaleidoscope. To be appreciated, the letters must be read as they stand, in all their complete unreserve. A very pleasing picture they give us of two minds unlike in many respects, strikingly alike in others, one of them at least catching more and more of the other's traits as the friendship grows into a substantive part of the life-joy and life-sorrow of each. Apart from the interest that attaches to contemporary remarks on great public events now matter of history, the letters teach us to know much of the characters of the two correspondents—their

¹ *The Correspondence of Robert Southey with Caroline Bowles.* Edited by Edward Dowden. Dublin University Press.

bright warm love of nature, that undissembled interest in little things so common in the higher order of minds, the trust and generous sympathy necessary to a lasting friendship ; above all, much of high Christian feeling in the midst of sorrow and physical suffering. Something, too, we see of inevitable foibles ; Southey, for instance, makes us smile at times by a certain air of self-satisfaction, too honestly and unconsciously exhibited to excite any more angry feeling. This will strike a Catholic forcibly in the passages in which Southey alludes to his controversial writings.

There is another feeling, too, which must arise in the minds of Southey's Catholic readers, a regret that one so candid and good had not lived at the present day, when it would have been so much easier for him to discover the one true Church, and when his eyes might have been opened by the gradual disappearance of definite dogma from his own communion. In 1834 Southey writes of Bishop Jebb's *Life* and Alexander Knox's *Remains* : " Their system I take to be no other than the genuine Church of England doctrine, which, resting upon the old standard of Catholicism, allows none of that latitude that makes everyone his own interpreter of the Scriptures." What might the writer of these words have thought could he have seen the ever increasing " comprehensiveness " of the Established Church of England, with its clergy almost independent of their Bishops, with its long-suffering " Bishops," unable to cope with their rebellious subjects, now and then appealing plaintively for help to Cæsar, but never, in their wildest moments, venturing to speak with episcopal authority on any point of doctrine ?

The brief correspondence between Southey and Shelley, introduced into the volume as a first appendix, possesses a melancholy interest of its own. Many will consider it illiberal not to blame Southey for his stern rejection of the younger poet's advances towards a renewal of friendship ; while none can help hoping, even against hope, that there may have been more than here appears in those secret motives and troubles at which Shelley hints in palliation of his faults. But it is hard to see how Southey, believing what he did believe of Shelley, could have acted otherwise. For to him his correspondent was a libertine, justifying most foul conduct by avowing his disbelief in Christianity, and by the poor excuse that many Christians were no better than himself.

As to the second appendix, we cannot quite enter into the

Editor's opinion of its importance and interest. We cannot think with him that a record of dreams can help much towards understanding the psychology of poets. There seems indeed to be a common idea that dreams come more directly from the soul than do waking thoughts, and with less admixture of that material part which so embarrasses the psychologist. But, surely this is a mistake: fancy, or phantasy, is a very material faculty. If we wish to study the workings of the soul, we should surely look for them when man is acting as man; that is, with conscious volition. If this be true, the letters teach us much of the psychology of poets, the dreams little or nothing.

5.—THE "IBIS" OF OVID.¹

It is fortunate that an estimate of market value is not the only consideration which has weight in questions of literary publications. In order to command a sale, a book must possess general interest for a considerable class of readers; but the labour of an author is not necessarily thrown away, nor are the means at his disposal wasted in providing matter of special interest to a comparatively narrow circle. This is particularly true in the case of books which, being intended primarily for the learned classes, call in the first instance, if not altogether, for the thanks rather than the criticism of the general public at whose disposal they are placed. Mr. Ellis, already well-known to the classical world as a ripe and finished scholar by his Commentary on Catullus, has recently laid the learned public, not of England alone, but of the Continent also, under fresh obligations to him by the exhaustive erudition and elaborate scholarship he has brought to bear in the recent publication of Ovid's comparatively unknown and generally neglected poem, *Ibis*. In rescuing from oblivion the invective written by Ovid, when the sense of wrong was still fresh upon him, against the treachery of the false friend, who had either procured his banishment from Rome, or at any rate exulted over and endeavoured to profit by it, the learned Editor has produced a work which fulfils exactly the end for which the Fellows of Colleges are supposed to exist,

¹ *P. Ovidii Nasonis Ibis* ex novis codicibus edidit, scholia vetera, commentarium cum prolegomenis, appendice, indice, addidit R. Ellis, Collegii Trinitatis apud Oxonienses Socius. Oxonii e Typographeo Clarendoniano, 1881.

and does honour to the great University of which he is a distinguished member.

It would be alike presumptuous and unjust to attempt to convey in a few lines an adequate idea of the infinite pains and conscientious trouble which the Editor has manifestly taken in his self-appointed and most laborious task. Mr. Ellis has built up his new edition of *Ibis*, chiefly on the codices of Cambridge and Tours, written as early as the twelfth century, which he has helped out, when needful, by the codices of Paris and Vienna, and by those of the Holkam and Frankfort libraries, all of the thirteenth century, as well as by the Vatican codex of the fourteenth, and the codices of Parma and Modena of the fifteenth century. The poem now at last rescued from all but absolute neglect, which had its interpreters before the fall of the Roman Empire and its readers and commentators in the middle ages, was at no period more assiduously read and studied than in the age which saw the revival of Greek and Latin literature in Italy, say during the sixty years from A.D. 1440 to A.D. 1500. From this period down to the middle of the seventeenth century the *Ibis* of Ovid found not a few annotators and translators, principally in Italy and France, in which last country it obtained its most intelligent editor and commentator in the person of Denis de Boissieu de Salvaing. Neither was it unknown in our own country. In a work now rare, written in 1559, and entitled "*Ovid, his invective against Ibis, translated into English Meeter, whereunto is added by the translator a short draught of all the stories and tales contained therein, very pleasant to be read,*" Thomas Underdown has left us a quaint but spirited translation of the poem. Christopher Marlowe also, whose *Ovidii amores* are extant in English verse, had read the *Ibis*, as appears from a couplet of his in *Tamburlaine*: *A sacred vow to Heaven and him I make, Confirming it with Ibis' holy name.* Moreover, the general English public of the day would seem to have been familiar with *Ibis*, if we may judge from some verses indited by the pen of an unknown scribbler against the unfortunate Mary Stuart, and quoted by Froude in his *History of England*, chap. 48: *Now all the woes that Ovid in Ibin, Into his little book did write, &c.*

There may be a tendency in some at the sight of so much erudition displayed in a lengthy Preface, voluminous Prolegomena, plentiful notes, scholia and commentaries, all written in elegant Latin, and brought to bear on some six or seven hundred elegiacs,

to exclaim against the expenditure of such a quantity of valuable powder and shot in the bringing down of very small game. All we can say is that scholars eminent as Bentley and Niebuhr at any rate did not consider the study of Ovid's *Ibis* beneath the notice of the student, least of all beneath that of the student of mythology and history. "A little while ago," writes the former in answer to contemporaneous detractors of the Poet, "Ovid was one of the greatest wits of the ancients, and as much above Manilius as Nireus was handsomer than Thersites. But now the wind is changed, and he is a trifling author. . . . Of all the various histories that are touched on in Ovid's *Ibis*, there is not one in forty but what we have at this day other good vouchers for it besides the poet himself." In his *Lectures on Ethnography* ii. p. 271, Niebuhr says: "I have mentioned *Ibis* on account of this historical fact, which is not the only one in that poem. I recommend its study to any scholar who wishes to ascertain whether he is thoroughly conversant with poetical mythology and ancient history. One of the most difficult problems is to explain the allusions; there is not much poetry in it, but a great deal of wit." And again in his *Lectures on Ancient History* we find the same author writing, iii. p. 311: "To this time we must assign the destruction of the sepulchral monument of the great Pyrrhus, to which allusion is made in a distich of the *Ibis*, the obscure Callimachean poem of Ovid. Let any one imagining that he understands mythology try his hand at this poem. I do not believe that there is any man who understands the whole of it."

To throw light, then, upon the darkness is to render good service to the cause of letters, a service which has now been rendered to the scholars of this country and the Continent with singular ability by Mr. Ellis in his new edition of the poem lately published by the Clarendon Press.

6.—THE DIVINITY OF JESUS CHRIST.¹

We regard it as one of the promising symptoms of this unhappy age that there should be a growing love and interest in all that relates to our Lord. If He has enemies, He has also many friends, and writers outside the Church combine with

¹ *An Argument for the Divinity of Jesus Christ*. Translated from *Le Christianisme et les temps presents* of the Abbé Em. Bougard, by C. L. Currie.

those within in combating attacks made upon His Divinity by rationalists and unbelievers. The battle is said to rage most fiercely around the person of the King, and while the world lasts, as our Redeemer has foretold, He will be the object alike of the most violent hatred and the warmest love.

Christ alone claims what no other man can, the privilege of eliciting fervent admiration even from His foes. In spite of all their efforts they are overcome by the masterly beauty of our Lord's character. Every argument in favour of the Divinity of Jesus Christ we hail with pleasure, and we are happy to refer in terms of praise to the little book before us. There is nothing very new in it as regards substance or treatment: still it furnishes both popular and convincing arguments for the Divinity of Jesus Christ. They are none the worse for having been told before, for a good thing bears repetition; and there is an air of tender piety throughout the book which much enhances its merits.

The treatise is divided into ten chapters, and we proceed to select what appears most telling in them. Our author in his second chapter proves that there is a certain agreement of all great minds that the "physiognomy," as he terms it, of Christ points to a character unique in history. Rousseau in the eighteenth century gave vent to his admiration in the celebrated saying, "If the life and death of Socrates are those of a sage, the life and death of Jesus are those of a God." Napoleon saw that none amongst men ever came near to Him Who eighty times in the Gospels is called by the distinctive title "*the Son of Man*"—"I know something about men, and I tell you that Jesus Christ was no mere man." Even Goethe, the most pagan of modern poets, calls Christ the Saint, the type and model of all men, the Divine Man (p. 40). Our Lord's professed enemies, Channing and Paller in America, Strauss in Germany, Renan in France, have been found to make significant confessions of the Divinity which lay hidden under the veil of flesh. We wish our space would allow us to quote in full Renan's testimony in favour of Christ's Divinity; we cannot forbear citing the following words, "Between Thee and God there is no longer any distinction." Is not this to repeat our Saviour's words, "I and the Father are One?" From these and kindred testimonies the author fitly concludes that the fact of enemies even doubting if Christ be a mere man furnishes a presumption and as it were first proof of his Divinity. For no such doubt arises in the case of any other man.

Looking at the matter from another point of view, those portions of his book please us best, which prove the Divinity of Christ from His miracles, and from the fact of His stating requiring others to believe that He was God. Our Saviour did not demand belief in His Godhead upon His unsupported word. There was nothing in His exterior to indicate that He was God, in shape, and manner, and countenance, and dress He was like other men. But Christ claimed to be judged by His works, and to His miracles He always appealed in proof of His Divinity. These miracles were performed thousands of times under the eager and malicious gaze of enemies, to prove that He was God. Nor were they ineffectual, for we are constantly told in Scripture that many believed in Christ when they saw with their own eyes the wonders that He wrought. All this and much more is clearly brought out in the little book before us, which will amply repay reading. We are happy to add, in conclusion, that the translation is exceedingly well done.

7.—LE PERE LOUIS MARQUET.¹

It is an act of good service to secure in print the memory of many wise and vigorous words spoken by one who was busily engaged for years in trying to teach Frenchwomen to turn from vanities to realities, to rise above the petty miseries of fashionable life, and to know that God demands a terrible account from Catholics, who bring up their children in coldness of faith and carelessness about the duties of religion, while they solicitously strive to make them obsequious observers of all the rules of polite society.

Father Louis-Marie Marquet was born at Port-Louis, in Brittany, in 1803, became a fellow-novice of Father de Ravignan, at Mont Rouge, laboured assiduously and with great success in the pulpit and the confessional, and died a holy death in the spring of 1880. He was always conspicuous for his devotion to our Blessed Lady and during nearly thirty years he was charged with the direction of the Congregation of the Children of Mary, at Nantes. To this period, not the most dazzling, but perhaps not the least profitable portion, of his ministry belong most of the epigrammatic sayings which are given in this little volume, having been selected from notes taken at the time.

¹ *Le Père Louis Marquet de la Compagnie de Jésus.* Par le Père V. Alet, S.J. Paris : Oudin Frères.

The primary purpose of this little compilation, we are told, is, not to make the good Father known to those who never heard his name before, but to keep his lessons of sanctity fresh in the minds of those who knew him and loved him.

Passing over the longer sermons which have less interest to general readers, we transcribe a few specimens of those clear thoughts expressed in vivid language which have been treasured in the memory of Father Marquet's spiritual children.

Every French preacher is familiar with that "philosophic" doubt from which scoffing unbelievers are content to begin their strictures on religion. This is part of what Father Marquet has to remark about it :

To say, I have my doubts, is a happy device invented by ignorance for saving itself from having to say, I do not know, and by worldly wisdom for saving itself from having to say, I dare not inquire. In everything except religion, a man says plainly, I am not acquainted with the subject, I have not made a study of it, I am not at home in it, and if he were to say, I have my doubts about it, this would be considered an infelicitous phrase, a wrong use of language.

To this thought he returns again and again.

There is something particularly flattering in the appearance of wisdom and impartiality which doubt puts on. In reality it is sloth and ignorance, and behind all this dignified display, instead of a judge there is a very sorry figure indeed.

We more particularly recommend to the attention of Catholic parents, Father Marquet's reflexions upon dangerous amusements, light literature, and the encouragement of personal vanity. He answers a mother's objection thus :

But I shall be with her.—Yes, and so will God be ; and He will see what goes on in her heart, which you cannot do. . . . Alas ! one evening is enough to sully an angel's wings and to ruin a vocation.

What cruelty it is ! What tyranny ! Under the pretence of bringing out your daughters in society, it is yourself that you are seeking. You sacrifice them to every selfish whim—to your own ambition, to your own gratification, certainly to your own vanity. They are graceful flowers for your own adornment to revive and improve your own attractiveness.

The worst abuse is in dress, in which simplicity and modesty are thrown aside—an abuse carried at the present day to an incredible excess. There is an attempt to justify it by saying : It is my husband's wish. Well, if it is, I cannot congratulate you on your choice. But, depend upon it, you are making a mistake. If he spoke out of his

mind, you would see it is so. In point of fact, these exactions come from yourself. You know so well how to contrive to bend him to compliance. The perpetual scandal—the ruin to souls—it is you—only you—who are the cause of it.

In England, as in France, vanity and selfishness are found in close alliance. Good mothers and good wives are not formed in the school of fashion.

8.—THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A RENEGADE PRIEST.¹

This reads very much like a book written to order. In his Introduction the Rev. W. Arthur vouches for the fact "that no liberties have been taken with the original text," and his disclaimer is certainly needed. No one familiar with the tone of thought amongst Italians, and the way in which those, who have spent all their lives amongst Catholic surroundings, would naturally speak of familiar Catholic subjects, can avoid being struck with the singularly English, and English Protestant, tone of this little book. Nor, without the declaration already referred to, would any one imagine he was reading an *autobiography*. When we take up a book in which Enrico di Campello professes to be writing about himself, we are not prepared to find him beginning the story of his own life by saying with airy impersonality—

We shall commence with some particulars respecting Enrico di Campello's family (p. 2).

This seems to have struck the writer himself, for he soon abandons the editorial *we*, and mostly speaks of himself in the third person, with occasional changes to the first. These alternations of "he" and "I" really make it difficult to guess who the writer is, so that we are obliged to the Rev. W. Arthur's thoughtful warning that it is Enrico himself who is speaking about himself. This use of the third person has its advantages. It enables the ex-canon to apostrophise himself in this affecting manner—

Ah ! poor young Enrico ! Thou art to be the expiatory victim, and inexorably, like the daughter of Jephthah shalt thou be sacrificed (p. 10).

This sounds very alarming, and the reader's horror of course

¹ *Count Campello. An Autobiography. With an Introduction by the Rev. W. Arthur, M.A.*

reaches its culminating point when he is told that this appalling sacrifice, demanded apparently of Enrico's father, is

Nothing less than the entry of one of the Count's sons into the Roman priesthood (p. 10).

Enrico, the expiatory victim, was selected, as he informs the public without too much ostentation, because he was

Mild and docile, fond of study, and inclined to the practice of religion (p. 21).

This mild and docile victim then, at the age of twenty-three, received two of the minor orders in April, the other two in August, and the subdiaconate in the October of the same year, 1854.

The whole within six months. If this be not the height of infamy, what is? (p. 21).

We do not know, but we fail to see the peculiar infamy of giving a young man of twenty-three six months to make up his mind in accepting or rejecting a given profession.

At any rate, during the six months he "resigned" himself to the ecclesiastical state, and was ordained priest in June, 1855, and it seems to have taken rather more than twenty-five years to bring him to the conclusion that his vocation was not of God, but of man. Before his ordination—

On November 9, 1854, he enters the Noble Academy, taking possession of an elegant and well-furnished apartment of three rooms, with a chamberlain to wait on him (p. 22).

Thus showing us how closely his sacrifice resembled that of Jephthah's daughter. The parallel is brought out more strikingly by what he tells us of himself after taking his doctor's degree—

The young priest, nearing his twenty-fifth year, was ripening into manhood. Setting aside, therefore, the free and easy manner characteristic of the Italians in youth, he began to acquire the gravity of those more advanced in years, . . . retaining, however, all that joviality, frankness, and loyalty which made him the friend of his fellow-academicians, and supremely dear to his preceptors (p. 39).

Strange reports were current in Rome shortly before Count Campello's "conversion" of the haunts whither his joviality carried the unfaithful priest. At what precise time he abandoned this joviality he does not say, but in place of it there grew upon him a sense of the tyranny of Rome in ordaining him, her still greater tyranny in making him a Canon of the Vatican Basilica.

To break this tyranny he conceived the idea of originating a society with the lengthy and rather grandiloquent title of

The Catholic Italian Society for Revindicating the Rights of the Christian, and specially of the Roman People (p. 113).

But the fates were unkind. In spite of "the project" "being printed with great precaution" (p. 116), a Liberal paper revealed the existence of the society in a "facetious" article, and

All the other Liberal papers followed suit, not one taking up the idea, or saying one word in its favour (p. 117).

This was bad enough, but the Vatican behaved still worse. It levelled an excommunication against it, and unkindly snuffed out its flickering existence.

Indirectly the excommunication was a terrible blow to the society (p. 118).

And Count Campello felt that his occupation was gone, and that it was his duty to leave the Church which had demanded of him to submit to his lawful Superiors, and to live as a priest should live. His Autobiography is noteworthy for this, that he contrives to tell us comparatively little about himself, so little, that his small book of one hundred and forty-seven pages has to be padded with chapters on "Indulgences," "A survey of the most memorable events which have taken place in the Vatican," "Papal ceremonies," &c., &c.

And what are we to say of Campello? A man who presents us with the story of his life invites our criticism upon it. Does he expect us to believe that he was "forced" to become a priest because his father had been a Postmaster-General under the ephemeral Republic? What are his proofs? His youth? But the age of twenty-three is not so very young, and most men have their careers in life settled before that age. What pressure was brought to bear upon him? Before his ordination, when he was living in his "elegant and well-furnished apartment," he tells us:

The only incidents of the day that brought the students together were an excellent dinner, and the Holy Rosary three hours after the *Ave Maria*. But the most desired and cherished thing he here found was individual liberty, limited only by the obligation—which no one took the trouble to comply with—to be within doors at dusk (p. 23).

As to the non-observance of the solitary restriction upon his liberty, certainly a reasonable one, Campello no doubt speaks of

his own practice, and there is no reason why we should not believe his testimony against himself. And the "infamy" of giving him the four minor orders within six months? Campello knows that the minor orders are no part of the Sacrament of Orders, they impose no irremovable obligation, and they are as frequently as not all four conferred on the same day. Where then is the "infamy" of giving them in the course of six months? If this is the greatest infamy he can trump up, no sensible man can fail to see that it is only put forward because he cannot allege anything more infamous.

Whatever Campello's inclinations may or may not have been, it is evident that at the age of twenty-three he accepted the obligations of the ecclesiastical state with his eyes open. If he felt crushed by the enormity of the sacrifice he was called upon to make, how did he contrive to retain, as he tells us himself, "all his joviality?" If in after years he felt profoundly unhappy, he need not have been at a loss for the reason. Now as of old, it is not the Lord Who abandons the disciple, but the disciple who abandons his Lord, and no one needs to be told that a priest of twenty-five years standing does not suddenly lose his faith and his vocation. Enough is known about him to explain his reticence in his Autobiography. The very little which he contrives to tell us about himself is suspicious, as is the manner in which that very little is told. Passages such as this are frequent :

It was an attractive spectacle to see on a Saturday or Sunday afternoon a young priest of noble family belonging to the Academy, and destined to the loftiest ecclesiastical dignities, . . . calling aloud to the sailors on board their barges, inviting them to come to church (p. 42).

We can understand an admirer of Campello's writing thus about him, but it is, to say the least, curious to find a modest man writing thus about himself. However, we must do him the justice to say that though his book contains some innuendos and hints of what he could say, he avoids any open mention of such scandals as most Protestants expect to find in such books as his. This is wise and prudent. People who live in glass houses should not throw stones. The Rev. W. Arthur feels the want of some scandals, and as none are given by Campello, he obligingly refers the reader to a book where they may be found. Independently of the absence of the regulation scandals, Campello's *Life* is not destined to achieve much popularity.

His assertions are too ridiculously bald and flimsy to attract the attention of Catholics, and they are too vague, general, and well-worn to make much impression on sensible Protestants.

9.—SATAN'S GOSPEL.¹

"It is not good taste to believe in the devil," is the remark of one of Lord Beaconsfield's characters in *Endymion*, who goes on to observe that there is no argument against the personality of the devil which is not equally applicable to the personality of the Deity, and that if these loose thoughts prevail for a generation or two in our country, men will have to be convinced of the existence of God Himself. Some such reasoning as this seems to have been uppermost in the mind of Mr. Standish Grey when he wrote his thoughtful little book entitled, *The Gospel according to Satan*. The reader will find in ten or twelve chapters of this short but attractive dissertation, a vigorous attack from a Protestant pen on the sceptical temper of the age in which we live, an intelligent answer to the fallacies of men, who exult in the more polished but none the less dangerous forces of unbelief, and a successful attempt to tear the mask from the features of the great enemy of souls, disguised to look like an angel of light. The preacher, his style and manner of preaching, and the subjects of his sermons, are here fully and ably discussed.

Satan, we all know, is "a lying spirit," "a liar from the beginning," nay, the very impersonation of a lie; who, if the same end could be attained as well by telling the truth as by speaking a lie, would, probably, from sheer devilment embrace the lie and hug it. But he is, besides, very clever; much too cunning, in fact, to stand in his own light by showing himself in all his naked falsehood, and so drive the world to church in spite of itself by his very hideousness. Not St. Paul himself could make himself more thoroughly all things to all men, to build up for Heaven, than Satan, in his dealings with us, to tear down for Hell. He preaches, it is true, but not in the undisguised ugliness of horn and hoof, or with the hoarse croak of Hell. The horns are drawn in, the hoofs are pinched up in the nattiest of little *bottines*, and his accents are the polished accents of the man of fashion, the experienced man of the world, the eminently

¹ *The Gospel according to Satan*. By Standish Grey, M.A. London: Kerby and Endean, Oxford Street, 1882.

respectable man, the highly-educated man of culture and refinement. He is even very religious ; he has his canons of doctrine and his code of morality. But though his teaching is hellish and his morals most unclean, the inexperienced will find it difficult to discover the taint of the pit in either the one or the other. The human heart yearns for God. Wrapped up in the garb of religiousness, Satan, whilst appearing to satisfy, strives to smother these cravings of the soul, by simulating false systems of religion. He masks God's truth with a lie, which is often at the first glance not wholly false ; by infusing doubts with so much cunning as to make a state of doubt appear a meritorious state, a state of true humility ; by substituting, through false but plausible systems of philosophy, subjective sensations in the place of objective realities, until the mind reels and doubts the evidence even of its own existence. Doubt has always been a great tool of the devil. If you tell him, as Eve told him, that to transgress the commands of God is to die, he will not contradict you flatly, but will quietly insinuate a doubt in the form of a seemingly naïve question. "Is that so?" he will ask of you, as he asked of our first mother. To make evil seem less sinful, he suggests doubts about its heinousness in God's sight, doubts as to the necessity of believing that God views sin in so grave a light as it is represented, and doubts, therefore, as to the intensity of God's anger against sin, until the probability of punishment is reduced to a far off contingency. In this way he first minimizes the pains, then puts out the fires, and last of all limits the eternity of Hell.

In the morality he inculcates the devil follows the same tactics. He does not openly impugn God's truth, he outflanks or undermines it. God is ever mercifully reminding us of the insecurity of life, and calling upon us to do penance *now*, while there is yet time ; Satan teaches man recklessness of death, and procrastination, and to say : "Let us eat and drink, for *to-morrow* we die." God preaches self-denial, and insists on the practice of chastity, according to our several states. Satan, too wise to call in question the loveliness of virtue, is content to lower the standard of holiness, to suggest the possibility of making the best of both worlds, to insinuate that the reign of self-indulgence—"having one's fling," as it is called—will be no more than temporary, that the love of pleasure is connatural to man, that a God of love and mercy will in any case look leniently on these fleshly instincts, because in following them man is but obeying the dictates of the nature given him by God, and that therefore

he cannot be condemned for conduct resulting from Heaven-bestowed proclivities.

These are some of the sops from the dish of hell served up to his dupes by the devil. But it is time to stop, for we are fast drifting into a preachment ourselves, and getting abusive besides. We cannot, however, forbear a concluding remark, that it would have been as well if Mr. Grey had succeeded in keeping his Protestantism as dark as Old Nick keeps his cloven foot. We pray our Lord to forgive him for having gone a little out of his way in these pages, written with considerable power and originality of thought and expression, to number the Most Adorable Sacrament of the Altar and the worship of God's Ever Blessed Mother amongst the pious inventions of Satan.

Literary Record.

I.—BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS.

A BOOK of great interest has recently been published by the late T. Heaphy (London: David Bogue, 1881), on *The Likeness of Christ*. It is an inquiry into the verisimilitude of the received portrait of our Blessed Lord. Some of the early Fathers, St. Clement, St. Justin, Origen, and Tertullian, described our Lord's Face as plain, and His Body as badly formed. Such an idea has been rejected by the instinct of faith, and an opposite opinion has been prevalent for centuries. To this latter Mr. Heaphy gives his support and confirms it by carefully collected evidence.

English Catholic readers will welcome *Les Nouvelles Bases de la Morale*, being an exposition and refutation by M. l'Abbé Blanc, of the theories of Mr. Herbert Spencer. The Abbé Blanc is a Professor of Scholastic Philosophy in the Catholic Faculty of Lyons. The publisher is Vitte et Perrussel, of Lyons, and the modest price, a franc and a-half, places it within the reach of all readers.

Père Felix has published in pamphlet form, his Sermon on "Patriotism," which he preached in the Church of St. Clotilde, on May 29, 1881. As much is now said about patriotism, it is well to know from the celebrated preacher what is true and what is false, and the relations of the Church to patriotism.

La Guerre à Dieu et la Morale Laïque, is a reply by Monsieur E. de Cyon, Editor of the *Gaulois*, to the infamous discourse pronounced by M. Paul Bert, in which he cuts the ground completely from under the feet of M. Paul Bert.

Professor Palmer, of Cambridge, is editing a new series of "simplified grammars," of which the first is to be published immediately. The list of grammars promised is a formidable one including all the chief languages, living and dead, from Irish, Welsh and Anglo-Saxon, and Sanskrit, Assyrian, and Chinese. The series has a two-fold object, to help beginners rapidly over the first difficulties and to furnish the comparative philologist with a clear account of the structure of each language. The peculiar feature of the grammars will be that their writers will try to get rid of useless details and technicalities, and arbitrary rules, and to present briefly what is essential and useful, so as to economise the students' time and labour; and yet lay a good foundation for his future work. Professor Palmer has secured the help of leading linguistic scholars; and if all he proposes is realized, his series will mark a new departure in the study of language.

Mr. R. N. Cust, of the Royal Asiatic Society, is preparing a work on the languages of Africa, which will be, we believe, the first general treatise on the subject. It will include a map and a full biography, and we doubt not will prove a useful work for our African missionaries and missionary colleges.

II.—MAGAZINES.

In the February number of the *Katholik*, the Liturgy of Milan is again brought before our notice. This has, in the course of time, undergone so many changes—almost invariably in the direction of conformity with the Roman ritual—that there is no difficulty in tracing what it was originally, before the time of St. Ambrose. The chief light to be known on this subject must be derived from the writings of the Bishop, especially the six books *de Sacramentis*, usually ascribed to him. In the previous number the question of their authorship was discussed, and the writer now proceeds to a minute and careful comparison of the ancient with the present ritual of the Mass, which he carries down to the *ablutio digitorum* preceding the consecration. A description of the splendours of Rome in early Christian and Medieval times, found in the MSS. of

Moslem and Arabic writers, translated from the Spanish, and glanced at in the pages of the *Katholik*, is most curious. With due allowance for Eastern romancing and love of the marvellous, enough remains to show the impression made by the Metropolis of Christendom even on the bitterest enemies of the Faith: not only were they dazzled by the magnificence and refinement of Imperial Rome, but imposed on by the power of the Papacy, the beauty of ecclesiastical art, and the glories of its basilicas. Another interesting article treats of the dominion of the fallen Angels—the princes of this world—exercised previously to the coming of Christ. The concluding portion of the subject, their power subsequent to the victory of the Cross, is reserved for a future number.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* gives in its number of the 18th of February the text and translation of the Holy Father's Letter to the Bishops of Milan, Turin, and Vercelli on the moderation to be observed by the Italian Catholic Press, and in the number for the 4th of March the text and translation of the Encyclical. Besides the continuation of the articles on linguistic studies on the decline of Italian thought, on the Babylonian cylinders, the serial story, and the usual notices of Roman and foreign affairs there are two forcible articles on the present situation, and a view of Signor Cadorni's astonishing paper in the *Opinione* of the 7th of February. The first of these articles, that on the new electoral law, shows clearly that the extension of the suffrage, like the idea of a United Italy, in no way proceeds from the Italian nation between whom and its so-called representatives there exists the most complete dissension. It originates wholly in the Republican or rather Radical minority which has succeeded in causing the Monarchy to take a leap in the dark, such a leap as is only too likely to result in the verification of Victor Emanuel's sinister prediction *Andreino al fondo*.

The second article—which takes for its subject that if the Pope is to exist at all, his cause must be international—points out the gross insults offered by Italy to the other European powers in declaring, contrary to all previous acknowledgments, that the Papal question is purely Italian, the writer proceeding to show first that such a conclusion if assented to would put the Governments of all other countries in great difficulties with their Catholic subjects, and secondly that such an assertion was never attempted until it seemed probable that the powers might use that right of interference which they expressly reserved to themselves on this question.

Messrs. Macmillan & Co's List.

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